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AMERICANS: An Impression
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1910.

The Week.

Washington dispatches of all colors represent the divisions in the Republican party as acute and threatening. Acrimony is daily increasing. So grave is the situation rapidly becoming that even Republicans are admitting the high probability of party disaster in this year's elections. Unless the breach is healed, the loss of the next House is set down as certain. Representative Crumpacker, an old Congressional hand, deliberately stated the opinion Monday that, if the party were to stand by Cannon, and make the fight on that issue, not a single Republican Representative could be elected in Indiana. Thus far, it must be confessed, the efforts to avert or remove the trouble have been neither well-judged nor successful. President Taft long sought to be neutral. He smiled impartially at insurgent and at regular. Of late, he has seemed to be drawn into the controversy against his will, and came very near threatening to take from the rebellious Congressmen their patronage. But he speedily saw that this would be to identify his Administration with the Cannon-Aldrich machine, and to involve himself in the ruin plainly hanging over it; so that he made haste to withdraw from an untenable position, and to make it clear that the support he wanted was for Republican policies, not for the party organization in Congress. But as the President has eased up, the party managers have stiffened. They are now proposing to read the insurgents out of the party; or else to call a caucus on every legislative matter of any importance and compel every one to swear to vote for what the majority decides is best.

By no such rude repression can the Republican crisis be met. The rebellious Congressmen have behind them in their States a vast body of dissatisfaction and complaint. It is in the attitude of these Republican voters that the real crisis exists. Their discontent has many causes. In the tariff revision they felt that they were cheated. The continued high and rising cost of living, whether to be directly connected with the tariff or not, they charge up against the party in power. But the main point of their restlessness and their protests is their fear, in some cases amounting to a belief, that their party has ceased to be truly representative; that it is delivered over to an oligarchy, bound hand and foot; that intrigue and bargaining have taken the place of free discussion, and that the plain people of the farms and shops are left out in the cold. Now, it is plain to a tyro that such a revolt against what are believed to be tyrannical methods cannot be stopped by the use of methods still more tyrannical. The repressers and floggers at Washington will have to try again.

At the front of President Taft's recommendations in regard to amending the Interstate Commerce act we should put the creation of a "United States Court of Commerce." It is most likely to pass. Reforms that carry new offices with them always get a considerate hearing from politicians. They will think twice before frowning upon a plan to appoint five additional Circuit judges, with their appurtenant clerks, marshals, etc. This fact will give an initial impetus to a project which has, besides, something to say for itself. President Taft dwells upon the delay of railway cases in the Federal courts. He does not say that the congestion is greater than that from which other litigants have to suffer. We understand that it is not, and that the Federal courts are much better up with their business than, for example, the Supreme Court of New York. Still, there are some good arguments for setting up a court especially competent to hear and determine cases growing out of the commerce law. And the scheme of assigning circuit judges to this work, with the power to return them to other judicial labors as the occasion may warrant, is much wiser than establishing a fixed and separate Court of Commerce, like the Court of Claims or the Customs Court. A right of review would lie, in any event, in the Supreme Court.

Another important recommendation is the proposal to forbid one railway to buy the stock of a competing line, and to regulate the issue of railway securities. Mr. Taft's message last week was awaited to throw some light on the question. The message, however, advises merely that after the passage of such law,

> No railroad company subject to the Interstate Commerce act shall, directly or indirectly, acquire any interests of any kind in capital stock, or purchase or lease any railroad of any other corporation which competes with it respecting business to which the Interstate Commerce act applies.

But this outlining of a legislative plan is followed by the suggestion that, "for the protection of the minority shareholders in securing them the best market for their stock,"

> It shall not operate to prevent any corporation which, at the date of the passage of such act, shall own not less than one-half of the entire issued and outstanding capital stock of any other railroad company, from acquiring all or the remainder of such stock; nor to prohibit any railroad company which at the date of the enactment of the law is operating a railroad of any other corporation under lease, executed for a term of not less than twenty-five years, from acquiring the reversionary ownership of the demised railroad; but that such provisions shall not operate to authorize or validate the acquisition, through stock ownership or otherwise, of a competing line or interest therein in violation of the Anti-Trust or any other law.

It is evident that this would leave the case of a given railway contemplating a given purchase both intricate and hazardous. It might be impelled to go into the market hurriedly to buy 50 per cent. of another road's stock, in order to qualify itself to acquire the remainder after the law had passed; but, then, on reflection, it would see the plain intimation in the concluding sentence of what we have quoted from the President, and would perceive that it would make the purchase at its own peril, under the anti-Trust act.

President Taft's statement of his reasons for removing Mr. Pinchot is unanswerable. It is couched, too, in language of fine restraint and just feeling. The step which he has taken must have cost him dear, as his admiration and even personal affection for Mr. Pinchot have often been freely expressed. But there was nothing else to be done. The dignity of the Presidency and discipline

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in the public service must be upheld at all hazards. Mr. Taft well knows that, by the course he has been forced to adopt, he exposes himself and his Administration to bitter attack. From now on the thing for all right-minded men to insist upon steadily is the duty of sticking to the real point. That does not concern itself with personal consequences or political effects, but with the great governmental policy which lies behind the whole controversy. Chief Foresters and Secretaries and even Presidents may come and go; parties may be split and beaten; but what the people will demand is that the public resources be kept for public uses, and not permitted to be filched away by designing and tricky men. To this end, the Congressional inquiry must be searching and fearless..

"The demonstration fails, but the principle remains the same." This utterance of the professor of chemistry is very much what municipal reformers will have to say about the result of Boston's Mayoralty election Tuesday. It was felt all over the country to be big with consequences reaching far beyond that city itself. Good citizens were everywhere watching eagerly for the outcome, to discover whether a method had been found of eliminating party politics from municipal elections, and a system devised by which character and intelligence might easily rise to the control of public affairs. But the high hopes have been apparently blasted. Mr. Fitzgerald has been chosen Mayor in spite of the united opposition of the Boston press, and in the teeth of extraordinary efforts put forth by the best civic forces. Yet, while deploring the event, we may find it intelligible. For one thing, the lesson is writ large that political salvation will not come automatically through any electoral device. Boston had seemingly worked out a plan by which partisan motives and appeals would be got rid of. Party designations were excluded from the ballot. No political convention, not even a party primary, stood behind the candidates. Yet the result appears to show that even if you cast out politics with a fork, back it comes. It was substantially the Democratic vote which elected Fitzgerald; it was practically the Republican and independent vote that was cast for Storrow. This is the sardonic comment of the fact upon the theory of the framers of the "Boston plan," that it would "divorce municipal elections from party politics, State or national."

Four of the Sugar Trust weighers have been sentenced to jail for a year —an ominous indication of the possible outcome of the whole prosecution. Whether the very mild character of the sentence was justified by the facts is a question on which opinions may reasonably differ; but that there was a great crime behind that committed by these petty agents, a crime calling for very heavy punishment, is a thing on which all honest men are agreed. Indeed, the leniency of the judge in passing sentence is justifiable only on that ground; and the judge himself stated that he would have gone still further in the direction of clemency if the men had acknowledged the truth as to the masters in whose service they were acting. In other words, the whole community, including the judge in the case of these weighers, is morally certain that responsible chiefs in the Sugar Trust were guilty of systematized stealing, and corruption of the Government service. But are any of them going to be punished? And is the truth going to be brought out concerning the prostitution of the public service to the desires of the Sugar Trust? Unless signs shall soon be forthcoming that real results will be got out of the criminal prosecutions, the country will insist on a Congressional investigation.

One of the speakers at a public dinner in Kentucky broke down several times in the course of his remarks. His chagrin was more than he could bear, and, leaving the table, he shot himself. The tragic incident is a reversal of ordinary conditions. Every year thousands of after-dinner speakers go on emitting words long after they have forgotten what they wanted to say, and frequently without being aware of the fact. The thought of pistol or poison as a way out usually suggests itself to the listeners, but not to the speaker. After-dinner oratory as a whole will appear to the future historian of our civilization as a survival of barbarism which prescribed that a hundred men should sit around a table and be bored to death by a half-dozen of their own number, who were nearly frightened to death. The ordinary citizen of good education and sound moral training can say more foolish things and break more rules of grammar during a ten-minute speech at a banquet than he will be guilty of the rest of the year in his private capacity. There has been a marked tendency of late to bolster up public dinners with one or two professional after-dinner humorists. To such men, and to the few men who have something to say and can be counted upon to say it, postprandial oratory might be restricted with great benefit to the national temper and digestion.

The list of estimable persons dubbed "The American Academy of Arts and Letters" has been criticised because its membership—of which two-thirds is made up of New Yorkers—reveals once more "the proverbial inability of New York to see beyond the Hudson River." But London some time since stole a march on New York in the affair of academies. It seems, however, that the "British Academy" is composed of mere critics and the like; and, according to the London correspondent of the Chicago *Dial*, its activities in organizing the recent Milton celebration, the Tennyson centenary, and a funeral service to George Meredith in Westminster Abbey, "have awakened a spirit of revolt among our men of letters—that is to say, among imaginative writers." Apparently, the novelists and poets who are refused entry to the Elysian Fields of Britain, cannot forget that in France, where the Academy is an older and not less respectable institution, even such frivolous writers as Alfred Capus and Marcel Prévost receive seats. Here in America the Academy-makers are more eclectic still, and admit to membership the painter and sculptor. This lends fresh point to the description of Americans as a nation of "joiners."

The object proposed in the circular note addressed by Secretary Knox to the governments signatory to the last Hague Convention is of inestimable importance. It is nothing less than the establishment of a permanent court of arbitral justice, to which any matters in a controversy between any two governments may be submitted without either the delays or the perplexities attendant upon the creation of a special tribunal to deal with the particular case. Besides these advantages, a permanent

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court would have other advantages scarcely less important. As the note points out, its decisions would be judicial in fact as well as in theory, whereas the constitution of a special arbitral tribunal is almost inevitably such as to point to a decision in the nature of a compromise; and owing to this circumstance, as well as to the permanency of the tribunal, its decisions would gradually build up a substantial and effective body of precedents. It may be doubted, however, whether the particular proposition advocated in the note is desirable—namely, the making of a general arbitral tribunal out of the international prize court established in 1907 by the Hague Peace Conference. A court that is to be invested with powers so comprehensive and far-reaching should be constituted with express reference to the functions it will exercise. To enjoy a jurisdiction truly effective in a domain full of unexplored difficulties it will need all the weight and authority that can be furnished to it.

Among all the arguments of British protectionists against the free-trade policy, the silliest is that which insists on the decline in the percentage which British goods imported into various countries bear to the total volume of their imports; and yet this argument appears to be seriously and prominently put forward in the present Parliamentary contest. When Chamberlain began his crusade, it happened to be possible to assert that the absolute amount of exports of British goods had shown a rather slow growth recently, and had indeed been stationary for a few years; and this lent some show of merit to the otherwise worthless argument as to relative amounts. It would be obviously absurd for the little pair of islands that constitute the United Kingdom to expect under any system to maintain its ratio of exports in face of the rapidly-growing population and the natural development of countries that not only have far greater area, but are almost newcomers in the field of modern industrial activity; an absurdity the nature of which may best be seen if, instead of comparing with the whole world, we compare with the single country of the United States. If, with our vast natural possibilities and rapidly increasing population, our exports have doubled, say, in fifteen years, is that any reason why England should expect to do the same? The marvel is that her exports should have grown in absolute volume as they have; for, after a brief period of standstill, as above mentioned, the figures began to soar up again.

Special interest attaches to the opening of the Prussian Diet last Tuesday. The belief is that the Chancellor, as Prussian Minister-President, will offer a bill at this session to cure some of the evils of the three-class franchise system which Bismarck himself denounced as incurably vicious. It is not expected that the Government measure will be so far-reaching as the public desires, but any reform will be welcome. The truth is that much as the reactionary Prussian Junkers and their friends among the bureaucrats would like to see the present system continue, the dangerous suffrage riots of last year have made it plain that at least half a loaf must be given to those eager for wider democracy. Just how intolerable the situation is appears from the existence of 2,214 electoral districts in each of which there is only one voter in the first class, and ninety-five in which the second class consists of only one voter. The Social-Democrats, who poll 23.8 per cent. of the total vote, have only 1.5 per cent. of the Deputies, while the Conservatives, who number only 16.6 out of every 100 voters, chose more than 47 per cent. of them. All the other parties, except the Poles, have a larger percentage of representation of delegates than of votes. Obviously, this furnishes government, but nothing that can be termed a representative government, and it must be altered even if the Social-Democrats should benefit thereby.

Battleship-mania, *Febris Dreadnoughtensis*, where it exists at all, is a disease that affects the masses. There is more calculation than mania, and more politics than fever, in the Dreadnought craze that attacks parliamentary leaders and jingo newspaper editors. Where the noise about battleships is not due to self-interest, it is most often due to downright silliness. Such is the statement that Austria-Hungary is to have sixteen Dreadnoughts by 1913. Germany, incomparable, irresistible, inflexible Germany, which has been striving might and main, so we have been told, to build Dreadnoughts, has none at present, and will have at most thirteen by four years from now. This after years of effort. Austria in the next three years is to turn out a little matter of sixteen Dreadnoughts just as easily as saying it. Presumably, the sixteen Dreadnoughts are to be equipped with four batteries each of Austrian members of Parliament, firing 2,000 inkwells and 4,000 picturesque epithets every minute. Austria's sixteen battleships would be merely ridiculous if not for the fact that a statement like that is immediately caught up by the war-mongers across the Adriatic, who, of course, point out that Italy must have twenty-four Dreadnoughts, which in turn necessitates an increase in Austria's output to thirty-two Dreadnoughts.

Secretary Knox attacks diplomatic problems of the first rank as easily as he would discharge a refractory window-cleaner in the State Department. His note on Nicaragua was the first example. The note concerning the neutralization of the Manchurian railway is a second example. When Secretary Knox begs to suggest to Russia and Japan that it might be a good thing if they handed over their respective sections of the Manchurian railway to be managed as an international enterprise, he seems to imply that both nations are anxious to get a white elephant off their hands. Yet asking Japan to give up her portion of the Manchurian railway is asking her to give up one of the few substantial results she has gathered from a war that cost her so much blood and treasure. Even if it were proved true that Japan uses her Manchurian lines for the purpose of getting her goods duty-free into Chinese territory, the obvious procedure would be to protest against such a practice. To call upon Japan to neutralize her railway, is to call upon her to confess that she has been violating the principle of the open door and China's custom laws. That in itself would be enough to shipwreck the plan, if in addition the Manchurian railway did not figure prominently in Japan's plans for the future. So long as rumors of Russo-Japanese friction in Manchuria persist, it will be idle to expect either Japan or Russia to weaken her strategic position in accordance with the proposals of our State Department.

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THE PRESIDENT ON THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

The thing to do with the anti-Trust act, according to the President's message to Congress, is to let it alone. He frankly states that he had thought of recommending certain changes in the law, but has come to the conclusion that none is necessary. Two complaints have been made of the anti-Trust act. One is that it is too sweeping; that in the broad cast of its net it catches harmless and even useful combinations of capital as well as those that are monopolistic and oppressive. The other is that the meshes of the net are so large that scoundrelly corporations escape. Thus there has been a demand, on the one hand that the rigors of the law be relaxed, on the other that they be intensified. But the President shows that the long but sure process of judicial interpretation has relieved us from the need of doing either. Under the decisions of the Federal courts, increasingly clear principles have been and are being established which make it possible to strike down monopolies and hurtful combinations, while holding that innocent agreements, made in the orderly development of business for the purpose of obtaining economies of production and management, are not obnoxious to the law. A close examination of the cases which, under the anti-Trust act, have been brought before the Supreme Court convinces the President that there is "strong reason for leaving the act as it is, to accomplish its useful purpose, even though if it were being newly enacted useful suggestions as to change of phrase might be made."

We regard this as an entirely sound position. Some people are terribly afraid of "judge-made law," but almost all important laws are, in the end, judge-made. That is to say, we cannot be sure of the scope and force of any given statute until it has been passed upon by the courts. And law-makers sometimes see their creations undergo surprising changes in the course of judicial interpretation. The Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution is the classic example. Its main intent has been partly nullified by the courts, while some of its incidental phrases have been erected into great bulwarks of property. This is not, perhaps, a happy instance of judge-made law, but still it shows what the process necessarily is. The Sherman Anti-Trust act is now nineteen years old, and only to-day are we working out, through decisions of the courts, into a precise understanding of what are its limitations and what its essential vigor. If the statute were to be hastily changed, the changes themselves would then have to be submitted to this same process of judicial determination, and it might be years before business men could know where they really stood. It is much better to stop with the clarifying and enforcement of the original act to which we have now nearly attained, and which we may confidently hope fully to reach when the Supreme Court decides the Tobacco case and the Standard Oil case, now before it.

If any one would know how strong is the evidence for the President's view that the courts are making the anti-Trust act a powerful weapon against monopolistic oppression, while preventing it from interfering with the legitimate march of great business, he should read the brief of the Attorney-General in the case of the American Tobacco Company, in which the argument closed. We are passing no judgment on the charges made against that corporation, though if one-half the averments made are true, it has been guilty of practices which are as shocking morally as they are criminal legally. The value of Attorney-General Wickersham's brief goes beyond his arraignment of the defendant, for it gives a complete review of all the cases decided under the anti-Trust act, and traces the way in which the courts have beaten out its meaning and effect.

It has been said, for example, that the decision of the Circuit Court in the Tobacco case would logically shut every large corporation out of business. This has been used as an argument against the law from absurd consequences. But the Attorney-General puts all this at rest. He declares that the Government "will not attempt to support the extreme construction" of the anti-Trust act; and he goes on to show how the courts have been careful to discriminate between combinations which are merely "an incident to orderly growth" and those which directly obstruct the free flow of commerce, stifle competition, make secret covenants in restraint of trade, and practise "unfair, wicked, or oppressive methods." We cannot, of course, go into the details of Mr. Wickersham's review of the judicial decisions; we merely say that it fully justifies the President's conclusion that all this matter may safely and most wisely be left to the courts. Mr. Taft, with a seeming glance towards Africa, declares that it is impossible to write into a statute a legal distinction between a "good" and a "bad" Trust. All that the law can do is to provide the penalties for monopoly and oppression; the courts must decide whether a given corporation has made itself liable to them.

When President Taft passes on from the generally satisfactory nature of the anti-Trust act as construed by the courts, to a recommendation of a Federal incorporation law, it is hard to follow him. This part of his message seems very like a *non sequitur*. Some will be swift to say that the President, after showing how the courts are successfully restraining and breaking up illegal combinations, is proposing a refuge for them under a Federal charter. Nothing of the sort is in his mind, we may be sure; and we admit that some of the arguments for a voluntary Federal incorporation have force. First, however, the people will insist upon seeing the exact terms of the national incorporation law; and, secondly, the States will certainly be jealous of anything which would seem to impair their right to regulate and tax their own corporate creations. Indeed, so formidable are the political obstacles to the enactment of any such law as the President proposes, as to make it virtually certain that the project will not even be brought to a vote in this session of Congress.

GOV. HUGHES'S MESSAGE

The special message which Gov. Hughes sent to the Legislature will attract more widespread notice than his regular annual message of the same day. In the former, he takes up a matter which is of deep interest to other States, as well as to New York, and discusses it in a way which is certain to command attention throughout the nation. There has been much curiosity as to what Gov. Hughes would do or say respecting the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution authorizing the levying of an income tax. Would he approve it? Would he oppose it? Would he dodge it? Well, what he has

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really done is to study it, and to present the fruits of his study in a form which has given a leading to the discussion in other States, and which will result, as Washington already confesses, in the failure of the amendment.

Gov. Hughes starts out by agreeing that the national government ought to be clothed with the power to lay an income tax in times of emergency. To the principle and chief aim of the pending amendment, he gives his entire assent. But he urges the Legislature not to ratify it, on the ground that the actual text of the amendment is so loosely drawn as to admit of a serious Federal encroachment upon the borrowing powers of States and cities, and ought, therefore, to be resisted by them. This point has been made before, but by no one else with the clearness and cogency of Gov. Hughes. By citation of Supreme Court decisions and by reasoning from the nature of the case, he makes it evident that to confer upon Congress the power to tax incomes "from whatever source derived," would break down the Constitutional implication that the general government should not tax the securities of States and municipalities. Their bonds are offered and sold tax-exempt; but if the income from them could be taxed by the Federal authorities, the borrowing capacity of States and cities would be obviously cut into, with an increase of the interest rate and of the burdens of the taxpayers.

It will doubtless be said, and indeed Gov. Harmon has already said, that this is only an indirect way of attacking the amendment; that we ought to "chance" it, and trust Congress to exempt from tax the securities of States and municipalities, or to the courts to avert the danger by "construction." But Gov. Hughes does not take that view either of the law or of his duty. In stepping forward as a jealous guardian of the privileges of the States, he is but doing what he has many times before done—namely, exalting the powers and responsibilities of local government. His attitude in this matter of the amendment is in line with his general disposition to call upon citizens everywhere to work out their own salvation where they stand. The line he has taken is almost sure to be followed in many States. If the amendment is defeated, in consequence, it will not be his fault, but the fault of those who drew it carelessly and hurried it through Congress without duly considering what would follow.

It would be a pity if the Governor's special message on the income tax should overshadow his other recommendations to the Legislature, for many of these are of great importance. In his account of the finances and the needs of the State, Gov. Hughes shows again that patient attention to detail and that grasp of broad policy which his other state papers have led us to expect from him. While the Governor sees the big things, he does not allow the smaller ones which are significant to escape him. In his recommendations concerning the regulation of the use of automobiles, he accepts the view which has been urged in the *Nation*, that a severe penalty should be imposed upon the very act of running away after an accident. We note, too, that Gov. Hughes has had his eye upon the judicial decisions affecting race-track gambling, and asks the Legislature to carry out the intent of the law by making the public laying of odds a crime, even if no paraphernalia for recording the bets are used. He also recommends again that the telephone and telegraph companies be brought under the jurisdiction of the Public Service Commission.

The part of the Governor's message which will be read with the deepest interest, however, is that relating to election and primary reform. This is the matter still nearest his heart. Upon it he reaffirms the position in which he has been so strikingly sustained by the people of the State, and renews his former recommendations. Gov. Hughes is of the mind of many reformers who think that elective offices are needlessly multiplied, and would favor "the short ballot." He points out, however, that in order to obtain it many changes would have to be made in the laws and Constitution. More pressing and more feasible is the adoption of a form of ballot which would do away with the absurdities and abuses of the existing "party-column" ballot, and put the party man and the independent upon an exactly equal footing. This improved ballot the Governor strongly recommends, and the Legislature ought certainly to establish it. The only new point in what Gov. Hughes says about primary reform is that the law should compel money spent in primary contests to be publicly accounted for, and that the amount should be limited which any candidate for a nomination may lay out. Throughout the discussion of this whole subject the Governor's tone is dispassionate while dead in earnest; and it is safe to say, considering the light which the Legislature has seen, that the session will not pass without some kind of constructive action.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN FRANCE

The din of battle between Church and State in France will undoubtedly sound for many years to come. Just now the conflict rages about the person of the humble schoolmaster; except that "humble" does not apply to the French schoolmaster as it does to every other schoolmaster on earth. Some one has said that a Frenchman with an idea is one of the most terrific forces in Nature. And inevitably the school-teacher in France is as much exposed to the ravages of the idea as any class of citizens. The dominant ideas in France at the present day are clericalism and anti-clericalism, militarism and anti-militarism, trade-unionism among government employees and the denial of the right to strike. All of them have found concrete expression in the schoolroom. A somewhat parallel situation would be in New York if our public-school teachers, instead of filling the newspaper columns with demands for equal or higher pay, were to be accused of spreading the doctrines of tariff-revision or woman-suffrage among their pupils.

The situation in France is complicated. First stands the question of the public schools versus the clerical schools. Since Jules Ferry began the campaign for the *école laïque* in the early eighties of the last century, the movement has been steadily towards the public school and away from the church schools. The movement was hastened by the campaign against the congregational schools waged after 1902 by Premier Combes. It has been forwarded by the events that have followed the separation of Church and State. At the present day the public elementary schools have about five and a half million pupils, the congregational schools have a little less than a million and a quarter, and the public schools are the faster growing. This is the ideal of the

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école laïque, and it is supported by the vast majority of Frenchmen. There is a strong party which is in favor of wiping out congregational teaching and conferring on the state the "monopoly" of education. But the bulk of moderate opinion, with the present French Government, is in favor of letting events take their course.

But the public school (*école laïque*) is one thing, and the principle of neutral teaching (*neutralité scolaire*) is another. Neutral teaching decides that if religious instruction has no place in the schools, anti-religious instruction is equally out of place. And it is of the violation of the principle of neutrality that the Church accuses the schoolmasters of France acting under dominant "Freemasonic" influences. Many Frenchmen who are against the Church on the question of the lay school are with the Church in protesting against the dissemination of anti-religious views in the elementary schools. And, further still, many Frenchmen who are not with the Church on either question, nevertheless find that the principle of neutral instruction is violated by schoolmasters who teach anti-patriotism, class-hatred, and revolutionary trade-unionism. In short, the French schoolmaster seems to have laid himself open to the same charge on which Socrates was sentenced to drink hemlock.

Jean Louis Forain's mordant cartoons on the subject picture the extreme pro-Catholic view. A schoolmaster is giving a lesson in European history. He recites: "In those days, the Church having grown very corrupt, a German monk named Luther . . ." The implication is that a French schoolmaster in teaching French Catholic school children is never so happy as when he can take a kick at the Church and exalt Germany! A cartoon by Abel Faivre shows one of a large number of boys, out for a walk with their teacher, taking his hat off to the *curé*. "You are a very nice boy," says the *curé*. The teacher grunts: "He is my youngest pupil. I have had him only for a couple of days." In another picture by Forain somebody asks a little boy: "Does your teacher ever mention the name of God?" "Yes, sir, when he swears." Now, it must be said at once that Forain and Faivre and other Catholic polemics grossly exaggerate. The revolutionary and anti-religious virus has entered, of course, into the schoolmaster as it has into very many Frenchmen of all occupations. But the Government maintains that the schoolmasters who abuse their position in such ways are few in number. And most moderate people in France side with the Government.

The Catholic newspapers go on to show, and here a good section of the moderate press is with them, that many of the text-books used in the public schools are as bad as the teachers that use them. It will be recalled that the French bishops a few months ago pronounced the ban on a large number of such text-books. The *Temps* admits that the majority of school manuals are unobjectionable, but finds a good many others that are not. It quotes definitions of God, for the use of children:

> Imagine a being who is always good and to whom we owe everything; such a being would be God. And such a being, *if he exists*, we ought to love and honor.
>
> *If God exists*, then all great thoughts and noble deeds must be agreeable to him, no matter in what soul they arise. And, *if he does not exist*, man's duty still remains the same.
>
> Is it because they love God that those who believe in Him go to church? Yes; but they might omit going to church, and still be acceptable to God.

Patriotism fares no better:

> Is military glory true glory?
>
> We admire the great conquerors, and look upon them as great men. Yet they are often only great criminals, the shame of history and the scourge of humanity.
>
> Do not measure the intellectual stature of a man by the glint of his gold lace or the height of the feathers on his hat.
>
> Remember, above all things, that we are citizens of the world.

And there are protests against the inclusion of episodes of the Prussian war from Zola's "Débâcle" in reading books for French boys. But the French proselyting spirit is nothing if not thorough.

ONCE MORE THE FALLIBLE EXPERT.

At Vienna, a few days ago, a political trial of high dramatic interest was suddenly brought to a dramatic conclusion. Its outcome is admitted on all sides to be of the highest importance for the internal politics of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. To the outsider there is just as much interest, perhaps, in the fact that another German savant has been caught napping. Dr. Bode of Berlin may now exchange condolences with Dr. Friedjung, the eminent historian and publicist of Vienna. If Dr. Bode is a little better off, it is because he has behind him the august authority of the most infallible of the Hohenzollerns. Dr. Friedjung had behind him only an heir-apparent, and his confutation is beyond dispute.

The trial in question was upon charges of slander and defamation brought by the Serbo-Croatian members of the Croatian-Slavonian Diet at Agram against the Vienna *Reichspost*, in whose columns the slanders were first disseminated, and against Dr. Friedjung, who repeated the false accusations, with additional charges of his own, in the *Neue Freie Presse*. The Serbo-Croatian Deputies were accused of complicity in a conspiracy against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, having for its ultimate object the unification of all the Southern Slavs in an independent kingdom. The Deputies were charged with being in the pay of the Servian Government, which had spent over a quarter-million dollars in subsidizing secret agents and Slav politicians in Austria-Hungary. Dr. Friedjung's conclusion was that the tyrannical measures adopted by Baron Rauch, the Governor of Croatia-Slavonia, were justified by the necessity of breaking up the dreadful conspiracy.

The learned doctor's charges finally put into plain words what the anti-Slav newspapers had been darkly hinting at for some two or three years. Up to 1906 the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne, had been regarded as Slavophil in his sympathies. For one thing, there was his wife, the former Countess Chotek. For another, there was the growing arrogance of the Pan-Germanists within and without Austria, who were busy parcelling out the Hapsburg domains with little regard for the feelings of the man who must soon be called to reign over them. In the reorganization of the monarchy which people believed inevitable after the death of Francis Joseph, it was taken for granted that Francis Ferdinand would lean heavily on the Slavs, investing them with the balance of power as between his German and his Hungarian subjects. But from a journey which Francis Ferdinand made through Dalmatia and Herzegovina in 1906, he seems to have brought back grave suspicions of the loyalty of the southern Slavs. His attitude changed and the tone of the Government press with it. There was much insistence on the need

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of guarding the integrity of the monarchy against danger from the south. And that argument was not the least among the reasons brought forward to justify the incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in the autumn of 1908.

Thus the Croatian-Slavonian Deputies came into court under a cloud of treason. They came out of court not only exculpated, but hailed on all sides as enlightened patriots whose well-considered plans for promoting the welfare of the monarchy and their own welfare within the monarchy had been totally misunderstood by a stupid and badly victimized Government. Dr. Friedjung's case collapsed when the documents upon which he had based his accusations, and which he had received from "the most eminent quarters," turned out to be clumsy forgeries. The learned doctor accused M. Markovitch, president of the Slav League, a Serb association for the furtherance of popular education, of having presided on November 2-3, 1908, at secret meetings in Belgrade. Detailed reports of the supposed proceedings were contained in two documents that constituted the backbone of Dr. Friedjung's charges. But M. Markovitch had no difficulty in showing that on the two days in question he was in Berlin, which is some distance from Belgrade. Another document purported to be a report from a high official in the Servian Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the Servian Premier. This paper, dated June 4, 1907, spoke of a loan about to be concluded, which loan was concluded in May, 1906. It was numbered 3,027, whereas in June, 1907, the latest document in the bureau concerned was numbered 1,040. It was dated in the new style, whereas Servia uses the unreformed calendar, like Russia. There were other ridiculous blunders. Dr. Friedjung offered what was a practical retraction in court.

And here is where the reputation of the expert suffers again. Dr. Friedjung is probably the most eminent of living historians in Austria. He is *the* authority on Austro-German affairs in the critical period from 1859 to 1870. He is emphatically an historian of the document. But what shall be said of the learned historian who accepts forged Croatian documents as easily as the French General Staff accepted documentary evidence against Dreyfus? If Dr. Friedjung could be led so badly astray on an event six months old and capable of verification in the newspapers, is there not room for doubting the infallibility of his mental processes when applied to "Der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland, 1859-1866," or "Der Ausgleich mit Ungarn"? Human liability to error becomes little short of astounding when error is so obvious and inexcusable.

Since all is well that ends well, the Dual Monarchy is even inclined to congratulate itself on the outcome. The suspicions which have grown up between the Slav peoples of the south and their future Emperor are now expected to disappear. As a consequence, the harsh policy pursued by Hungary in Croatia-Slavonia, which is under its direct jurisdiction, will apparently have to be modified. Baron Aehrenthal, who is believed to have been the instigator of the Friedjung charges, has received something of a setback. But the cause of enlightened administration will profit by having it shown once more that "the government which depends on 'secret documents' is nine times out of ten the victim of its own agents." The classic instance is Abdul Hamid II, for whose daily consumption conspiracies were continually manufactured by his diplomatic representatives all over Europe.

PRECOCITY AND GENIUS.

The phenomenon presented at Harvard University the other day, when young Sidis, a boy of eleven, gave a paper on Four-Dimensional Bodies before the Mathematical Society, is something quite different from that of the arithmetical prodigy, or lightning calculator. By some peculiar endowment, these prodigies are enabled to perform almost instantaneously arithmetical operations which, by the usual processes, involve a great amount of labor. Some of them have even been able to answer, in a few seconds or minutes, questions relating to the decomposition of large numbers into prime factors, which do not admit of being answered by any known mathematical process other than that of repeated and tedious trial. What special faculty makes these feats possible is a mystery upon which, we believe, very little light has been thrown; but it may be set down as certain that the faculty is something very different from intellectual power in the ordinary sense—not only different from general intellectual power, but also different from that special form of intellectual power which is the equipment of the great mathematician. These prodigies are unable to say how they arrive at their results; nor do they build up a system which carries them beyond the achievement of particular feats and leads to the establishment of new truths or of fruitful generalizations.

Though the reports of what was actually contained in young Sidis's communication to the Harvard Mathematical Society are too meagre to permit of any appraisal of its value, enough is indicated, both in that report and in the boy's previous history, to show that he possesses extraordinary intellectual power in general and that in particular he has the makings of a great mathematician. If, as it appears, he has discovered—or rediscovered—and demonstrated fundamental theorems concerning figures in four-dimensional space, one cannot help feeling that he gives promise of adding one to the short and splendid list of those whose names are landmarks in the history of mathematics. That list, brief as it is, includes several the early flowering of whose genius is not less remarkable than the greatness of their powers. Pascal, without access to any books or instruction in geometry, constructed for himself, before the age of eleven, a geometrical system substantially equivalent to the first book of Euclid, and before he was sixteen completed a wonderful treatise on conic sections, based chiefly on his own researches; Galois was killed in a duel at the age of twenty, but left behind him work the development of which has given occupation to two generations of mathematicians; William Rowan Hamilton, a prodigy in languages in his early boyhood, acquired, without other teaching than that of the books he seized upon and devoured, such mastery of the most profound parts of mathematics that the astronomer royal for Ireland is said to have declared. "This young man, I do not say will be, but is, the greatest mathematician of the age." Young Sidis's attainments in languages, chemistry, and other subjects, and his later intense devotion to mathematics, suggest the story of Hamilton; and his choice of vector analysis—an outgrowth of Hamilton's quater-

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nions—as his first subject of study at Harvard, is at least an interesting coincidence.

The idea that precocity—or at any rate precocity of any such character as this—generally dies down into mediocrity has very little foundation. Some actually go so far as to think that the very fact of unusual brilliancy in a child at so early an age is a prophecy of little ability when he grows up; a notion that rests upon the same fallacy as that which regards the children of highly gifted parents as less likely to be highly endowed than other children. They are vastly more likely to be thus endowed—as Galton conclusively demonstrated in his "Hereditary Genius"; but great genius is so extremely rare that, in spite of the chances being enormously in their favor, as compared with other persons, the children of highly gifted parents have still only a moderate chance of attaining similar distinction. And it is the same way with children who early show great talent. But, of course, there is precocity and precocity; in some cases, we see merely flashes of an early maturity; in others we see early maturity; in others we see early indications of great and unusual powers.

Another question raised in connection with young Sidis is that of training versus native endowment. Dr. Boris Sidis, the eminent psychologist who is the boy's father, is said to regard his son's achievements as indicating that by proper methods of instruction several years could be cut off from the time actually employed in bringing boys up to the college or university stage. With the proposition itself we have no particular fault to find; but that young Sidis's exploits serve in any degree to establish it we deny without hesitation. The part played by native genius is so manifestly predominant in this case as to nullify any general application. This is evident on the face of the matter; but confirmation of the strongest kind is given, if any were needed, in such precedents as those of Pascal and Hamilton, both of whom made the amazing mathematical conquests of their youth without any outside help whatsoever. And it is equally unnecessary to consider another view that has been ascribed—though, like the one just mentioned, probably erroneously ascribed—to Dr. Sidis. This is the theory that, with a proper personal hold on a boy, you can turn him out a mathematician or anything else. There is no doubt a wide range in which most young men of intellectual power can freely choose their field of distinction; but it is equally certain that the range is strictly limited in most cases. The faculty for mathematics is as distinctive as that for poetry or music; if you take enough pains, you can train almost anybody of ordinary endowment to turn out verses or to compose some kind of music; but you can't make him a poet or a musician. To be a mathematician you must have mathematical insight, the mathematical vision; and if young Sidis, like young Hamilton, has that along with remarkable gifts for language and other things, this does nothing whatever to disprove the existence of the thousands of boys who, while gifted in other directions, are blind to the beauties and deaf to the harmonies of mathematics. In fact, we are loath to believe that from the performances of one extraordinary child a man of science would feel disposed to draw any conclusion at all that runs counter to the results of the age-long experience of mankind.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, December 27.

Professor Hilty of Berne, who died not long ago, had just completed and published the twenty-third volume of his "Politisches Jahrbuch." Besides being a very useful encyclopædia of general public affairs, this work was especially remarkable for Hilty's original contributions to it. As an historian he could take a dispassionate view even of contemporary events. In this last volume of the year-book he assumes an almost prophetic manner. After an optimistic review of the progress and present condition of the Swiss federation, he writes with caution concerning the future. The preparations being made for war, in all European countries, threaten not only public law, but the neutrality of Switzerland, including its posts, railways, and customs. He warns his countrymen of the danger which may be incurred in case they seek the protection of any of the great Powers. Under such circumstances, he observes, Switzerland is in danger of sacrificing its federal system, with the equilibrium between the central and cantonal governments, to a "military idea" which indeed is convenient but not in keeping with Swiss traditions. Hilty makes a part of his programme the admission of women to the suffrage, especially in order to improve public morals, and to suppress alcoholism, gambling, and lotteries which threaten the "demoralization of our republic." He closes this species of valedictory by saying that the power of Switzerland is and always must be moral, not physical.

Two notable members have been added to the faculty of the University of Geneva. Eugène Choisy, a *pasteur* at Plainpalais, a frequent contributor to English and German reviews, and a prolific author, succeeds Professor Chantre, in the chair of historical theology. His published works deal chiefly with Geneva during the Reformation period, and he founded a museum where memorabilia of early Protestantism are preserved. It shows how greatly Genevan theological opinion has changed, that a teacher in the institution founded by Calvin should have been chairman of the committee which had in charge the erection of the expiatory monument to Michael Servetus. Dr. Charles Werner of the same university has been made professor of philosophy and the history of philosophy. Although a young man, he attracted some attention on a recent memorable occasion by sustaining his doctoral thesis on "Aristotle and the Platonic Idealism," which was "attacked" by authors of international celebrity, such as Windelband of Heidelberg, Boutroux of the French Institute, Bridel of Lausanne, and Flournoy of Geneva. Notwithstanding this formidable opposition, the degree was conferred *maximâ cum laude*.

The people of Berne are proud that the Nobel prize should this year have been awarded to Emil Theodor Kocher, the leading professor of surgery in their university. Professor Kocher is sixty-eight years of age and a native of the Swiss capital, where he began his medical studies. He continued these in Berlin, Paris, and London. Among his teachers were Billroth and Langenbeck, who in their day were held to be the leading surgeons on the Continent. Professor Kocher is especially famous for the work which he did in army surgery, and for devising and carrying almost to perfection the operation for extirpation of the thyroid gland. He conducted a series of experiments, to learn the effect on the body of wounds inflicted by the modern small calibre bullets. But during the last twenty years he has made a specialty of the thyroid operation. The results of his epoch-making work were given to the Berlin Congress of Surgeons in 1883. Previous to that time no one had been successful in removing the gland. At first it was found that those who underwent this operation suffered later from cretinism. Professor Kocher, by his researches into the function of the thyroid, avoided this unhappy effect. He has up to this time performed two thousand operations of the sort, and holds the record for a minimum percentage of deaths.

The beauty of the Alps and the an-

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tique remains of certain Swiss towns have not restrained those who seek to exploit their native land for the sake of "tourist-facilities" and other modern but tasteless "improvements." Adolphe Tièche, an excellent painter in water-colors, attempts to counteract this unfortunate tendency, and to make the people of Berne appreciate the beauty of the old town by publishing in a portfolio (Berne: A. Francke) about two dozen sketches of the place as it was in the eighteenth century. These are admirably executed *à la sanguine*, and are accompanied by a short preface in which the artist says:

I have made these sketches especially for the Bernese, who know so little of the real riches of their city, and who coldly delivered the most charming and graceful building in all Switzerland (the old Musée Historique) to the pickaxe of the destroyer.

He adds that large modern structures have disfigured the *cachet* of the ancient city, and that only in the last few years have people begun to open their eyes to this. Modern Berne has indeed been lavish in putting up imposing and even splendid buildings, of which the native is justly proud, but which have rivals elsewhere. To those, however, who have love of the past, artistic taste, or even ordinary curiosity, the charm of the Swiss capital lies not so much in the ambitious architecture and decoration of the Federal Palace and of the Art Museum, as in the old towers, arcades, and fountains grouped against the snowy background of the Bernese Oberland.

A correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* refers to Jean-Jacques Rousseau as one of the precursors of aviation. While secretary to the Venetian ambassador at Paris (1762), Rousseau wrote to Grimm concerning his own efforts to construct a flying machine. These seem to have been as unsuccessful as his endeavors to change the method of musical notation. The letter will be found in his "Correspondance littéraire."

A. Alexander.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The fourth volume of Dr. Thomas Lindsley Bradford's "Bibliographers' Manual of American History" (Philadelphia: Stan. V. Henkels & Co.) is in the hands of the subscribers. This covers R to Z, Nos. 4528 to 6056. Our notices of preceding volumes have not been very complimentary, and about all that can be said of the present volume is that it is no better and no worse than the others.

Neither the Williamsburg edition nor the London edition (both 1754) of George Washington's "Journal" is given, only the reprint by Toner (1893). Under Underhill's "News from America" (1638) no mention is made of the fact that the Deane copy which sold for $180 in 1898 lacked the plan or that Lord Sheffield's copy, which brought $1,250 in 1908, possessed it. The Beckford record of £605 on Smith's "Historie of Virginia" (1624) is given, but without the statement that it was a large paper copy. At the end of the record of John Smith's books are reprinted James Lenox's notes on the plates and maps in Smith's books published in *Norton's Literary Gazette* for March 15, 1854. Some additions and corrections have been discovered since. These are incorporated in the E. D. Church Catalogue, a work which Dr. Bradford might have consulted with profit in the case of a great many titles.

The eighth edition, for 1910, of James Clegg's "International Directory of Booksellers, and Bibliophile's Manual" (London: Eliot Stock; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) is just received. The numerical summary of addresses gives the total number of booksellers recorded as 12,163, of whom 4,060 are in England and Wales and 2,354 in the United States. Generally the entry is a single line only, but in some cases specialties are mentioned. The number of public libraries recorded is 4,774, of which 1,443 are in the United Kingdom and 1,274 in the United States. Other information, such as lists of auctioneers, record and literary searchers, bookbinders, etc., sizes of books, postage rates, lists of periodicals, etc., is included.

The Grolier Club published in December a bronze medallion portrait of Emerson, designed and modelled by Victor David Brenner and cast by John Williams. The medallion is seven and one-fourth inches across and is, in general, uniform with the Hawthorne, Lowell, and Poe medallions already issued by the club.

Members of the Bibliographical Society of America have just received Volume III of the "Proceedings and Papers." The most important single contribution in the volume is the "Bibliography of the Official Publications of the Confederate States of America," by Hugh A. Morrison of the Library of Congress. Other papers of interest are "Lincoln Collections and Lincoln Bibliography," by Daniel Fish; "Manuscript Hunting," by Dr. E. C. Richardson, and "The Coöperatively Printed Catalogue," by H. W. Wilson.

The Society of Dofobs of Chicago has issued the "Second Book of Dofobs." It is a quarto, limited to fifty copies, and contains, among other contributions, "Deliberations of a Dofob," by Adrian H. Joline of New York, a pleasant rambling essay on the pleasures of old bookishness, or, as he calls it, "Dofobery"; "Adventures of a Manuscript," by William K. Bixby of St. Louis, being the story of the manuscript of Scott's "Harold the Dauntless"; two letters of Hawthorne and a letter of Dickens, here first printed, and other pieces.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell on January 20 a portion of the library of Charles Burr Todd, including a long series of books on the Quakers, a copy of Rumsey's "Short Treatise on the Application of Steam" (1788), and other books of interest.

January 18, the Anderson Auction Company will hold a sale of autographs, including the collection of James J. Casey. Among important names included are Washington (an A. L. S., dated 1798, and an L. S. dated 1778), Lincoln, Grant, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lafayette, Wordsworth, Dickens, Swinburne, and others.

January 19 and 20, they sell the library of the late George M. Diven of Elmira, N. Y. Smith's "History of the Province of New York," first edition (1757), a piece cut from the title, but with the rare folding view; an extra-illustrated copy of Irving's "Life of Washington," the large paper edition of 1855-59; about one hundred titles on the Alps, mountain climbing, and allied subjects; a complete set, twenty-three volumes, of the publications of the Selden Society, and a collection of Shakespeareana are worthy of mention.

Correspondence.

DATES OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One may fairly expect accuracy in important dates—to say nothing of minor ones—in a biography of a famous poet. Yet, in recently perusing several discussions of Browning's "Ring and the Book," I was surprised to discover that no fewer than three distinguished critics had made a (seemingly) inexcusable blunder in referring to the genesis of that poem. Arthur Symons, who is apparently the original sinner, and who perpetuates his mistake in his 1906 revision, asserts ("Introduction to Browning," revised and enlarged edition, p. 152) that the poet picked up the square yellow book upon which he founded his masterpiece, at Florence, "one day in June, 1865." Sharp ("Life of Browning," p. 116) repeats the error, probably following Symons. He adds (p. 119) that Browning, on the afternoon on which he made his purchase, read the book from end to end. "The midsummer heats had caused thunder-clouds to congregate above Vallombrosa and the whole valley of Arno: and the air in Florence was painfully sultry. The poet stood by himself [Mrs. Browning died in 1861] on his terrace at Casa Guidi, and . . . his mind was busy in refashioning the old tale of loveless marriage and crime." Birrell (Globe one-volume edition of Browning, introductory note to "The Ring and the Book," p. 649) varies the comedy a trifle by reference to a "'memorable day' in June, 1862, when he [Browning] picked up, at a stall in the Piazza San Lorenzo in Florence, the 'square old yellow book.'"

On the other hand, Herford ("Life of Browning," p. 169) declares: "The story of Pompilia took shape in the gloom and glare of a stormy Italian night of June, 1860, as he watched from the balcony of Casa Guidi." He does not vouchsafe the date at which Browning bought the Yellow Book. Hodell ("The Old Yellow Book," p. 237) says: "He had discovered it amidst the rubbish of a market barrow in San Lorenzo Square. This was in June of 1860." Mrs. Sutherland Orr ("Life and Letters of Browning," Vol. 2, p. 378) irritates one's curiosity by remarking that "it has often been told, though with curious confusion as regards the date, how Mr. Browning picked up the original parchment-bound record." She offers no suggestion as to the solution of the "curious confusion." Dowden, however ("Life of Browning," p. 252), is absolutely explicit. He gives the date of purchase as June, 1859, and adds:

As he leaned by the fountain and walked through street and street, he read, and had mastered the contents before his foot was on the threshold of Casa Guidi. That night

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his brain was a-work; pacing the terrace of Casa Guidi, . . . he gave himself up to the excitement of recreating the actors and reenacting their deeds in his imagination. . . . When in the autumn he journeyed with his wife to Rome, the vellum-bound quarto was with him.

The most important point, of course, is that Browning had roughly sketched at least parts of his treatment of the theme during the lifetime of his wife, the "Lyric Love" to whom, in an ever-memorable passage, he dedicated the finished work; and that his plans were rudely and pathetically disturbed by the shock of her death. Sharp might have avoided his ridiculous mistake if he had remembered the fact which Herford states (p. 169): that shortly after Mrs. Browning died the poet left Florence forever. He could hardly have been standing, therefore, on the terrace of Casa Guidi in 1865! Whether Herford and Hodell or Dowden is correct with reference to this memorable night on the terrace, I have been unable to ascertain. The circumstantial nature of Dowden's account would seem to throw the balance in his favor, but for the fact that he obtained all his details from Browning's own lines in the first book of the poem (Globe edition, pp. 650 and 655):

That memorable day,
(June was the month, Lorenzo named the square)
I leaned a little and overlooked my prize
By the low railing round the fountain-source.
. . . . . .
Still read I on, from written title-page
To written index, on, through street and street.
. . . . . .
I fused my live soul and that inert stuff
Before attempting smithcraft, on the night
After the day when,—truth thus grasped and gained,—
The book was shut and done with and laid by.
. . . . . .
The while I read and read,
I turned, to free myself and find the world,
And stepped out on the narrow terrace, built
Over the street and opposite the church,
And paced its lozenge-brickwork sprinkled cool.

Mrs. Orr (p. 378) quotes the following from a letter of Browning to Miss Isa Blagden, dated September 19, 1862: "My new poem that is about to be; and of which the whole is pretty well in my head—the Roman murder story you know." But in none of his published letters of 1859-60 does he refer to the discovery of the Yellow Book. HARRY T. BAKER.

Beloit College, Beloit, Wis., January 3.

PETRARCH AND GERBERT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of a recent work on Petrarch, the following sentence is quoted from one of his letters as giving the "key-note" of his eager activities as a scholar and humanist:

If you love me, commission faithful and learned men to search through Tuscany, ransacking the bookshelves of the religious houses and of the men who are most addicted to study, and find means to discover something that will appease or stimulate my appetite. For the rest, you must know that I have made the same request of friends in England, France, and Spain.

For those who may be too prone to find novelty in the labors of this great humanist in promoting the revival of learning in the fourteenth century, I would offer the following parallel from the darkest depths of the "dark ages." It is from a letter of Gerbert, who was born in Aquitaine about the year 950, and died as Pope Sylvester II, in 1002. The letter was written some time before he became Pope, and therefore at a period when it has been supposed that men in fear and trembling were awaiting the dreadful year 1000, which was to bring the world to an end. My extract reads:

I am eagerly collecting a library; and as formerly at Rome and elsewhere in Italy, so likewise in Germany and Belgium, I have obtained copyists and manuscripts with a mass of money and the help of friends in those parts. Permit me likewise to beg of you also to promote this end. We will append at the end of this letter a list of those writers we wish copied. We have sent for your disposal parchment for the scribes and money to defray the cost; not unmindful of your goodness.

This passage could easily be duplicated from other letters of Gerbert, and from the writings of other men of the next generation. HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR.

No. 135 East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, January 3.

ANARCHICAL vs. PETRIFIED SPELLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note Dr. Cooper's letter in your issue of December 9, in which he refers to my address "On Some Life Ideals," and deplores the spelling used there, calling it a "caricature of English." I heartily agree with Dr. Cooper that, in spelling, as in any other human activity, all tendencies "on the part of the careless, inaccurate, and anarchical" should be vigorously combated by "all persons of good taste." However, I disagree with Dr. Cooper in his condemnation of the spellings used in my address. Far from being arbitrary, I endeavored to follow closely the amended spellings recommended by the American Philological Association (Transactions, 1886, Vol. XVII, 127). These spellings were also endorsed by the Philological Society of England, the Modern Language Association, and the Spelling Reform Association. They are also approved by the Standard Dictionary (page xvii). As a matter of fact, out of the twelve words cited by Dr. Cooper, nine are found in the list printed in the above-mentioned volume of Transactions (liv, hav, abstaind, litl, dremt, curage, dubld, tripld, atmosfere). V. KARAPETOFF.

Cornell University, January 3.

JEAN DORNIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to the review in the *Nation*, January 6, of the "Essai sur Leconte de Lisle," by Jean Dornis, it may be worth noting that the catalogue of the Boston Public Library gives "Jean Dornis," author of "Leconte de Lisle intime," 1895, as the pseudonym of Mme. Guillaume Beer, at whose country house, I believe, Leconte de Lisle died.

Apropos of this poet, I should be glad if some reader of the *Nation* would explain the reference to "le Gardien pensif du mystique oranger," in "Epiphanie" ("Poèmes tragiques"). GEO. N. HENNING.

Washington, D. C., January 8.

Literature.

RECENT VERSE.

The Poems of William Winter: Author's Edition. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Collected Poems of Arthur Upson. Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Burton. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

Drake: An English Epic. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Last Poems. By George Meredith. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The Poems of Oscar Wilde: Authorized Edition. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

New Poems. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Co.

New Poems. By Richard LeGallienne. New York: John Lane Co.

As a poetical season this has been in some sort one of recollection, illustrated chiefly by familiar names. In some cases it is the poet's last appearance. Even where this is not so, it is given us to renew old acquaintance; the stranger can wait—he is sure of the morrow. In such a mood, the very limitation of Mr. Winter's poetry—which may be first considered—its decidedly personal and occasional character, seems an added attraction. Any one who will take pains to recall the part he has played in life and will read this final edition of his collected verse in connection with his recently published reminiscences, will have little reason to regret that his inspiration has been so largely centred in his own experience. Indeed, it is to this susceptibility to his immediate circumstances, to the promptings of friendship and affection, that his most memorable work is due—his poems to Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Augustin Daly, and Henry Irving.

To be sure, there is much about the *facture* of his verse which seems a little old-fashioned nowadays. There are few vivid figures; few hard, compact, and diamantine phrases. The rhymes are frequently far from "rich"; from the modern "artistic" point of view there is something slightly archaic about the diction and the poetic convention. If anything, the moral is over-obvious; it is, in a word, all very "facile." But such matters are of small importance. As Mr. Winter's own lines, "At Arlington," illustrate, even a taste for moral commonplace has not always proved incompatible with good poetry. It is more on disposition than on workmanship or even thought that the charm of a minor poet depends. And Mr. Winter's, as revealed in his verse, is admirably quiet, reflective, reminiscent—rather preoccupied with partings and death, but of a calm and reassuring

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temper, unvexed by the suicidal doubts and perplexities of the century.

Through the red glare, the scorching light,
The din, the havoc, and the blight
Of clamorous wrath and hideous haste,
That make this life one dreary waste—

such lines, so common in contemporary poetry, are characteristically exceptional with him. Now and then he seems on the point of being troubled by such matters, as in "Orgia" and "After Long Years"; but poems of this kind usually turn out unreal or experimental. It is only in the "Monody for Augustin Daly" —which contains some of his best writing, whatever its debt to "Locksley Hall"—that he appears to suffer a genuine revulsion of feeling:

Ah, what pictures rise in mem'ry, and
what strains of music flow,
When we think of all the magic times and
scenes of Long Ago!

. . . . . .

Worn and weary with the struggle, broken
with the weight of care,
Low he lies, and all his pageants vanish
in the empty air.

But the mood passes finally. And in "The Rubicon," where, like so many other poets before him, he speaks his own farewell, his habitual serenity reasserts itself—a serenity neither blind nor fatuous, but the result of a happy and amiable mixture of the elements:

One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Will soar away!

If it must be said that there is little unequivocal evidence of distinct poetic genius in the two handsome volumes of Arthur Upson's "Collected Poems," there is at least every indication of literary taste and refined sentiment. Like Mr. Winter's, though naturally without the same richness of experience or maturity of character—Arthur Upson was drowned at thirty-one—much of his work is personal and occasional, and represents in some measure that desire to "literatize" life to which a person of reading and cultivated mental habit is prone. But with this lack of fulness and detachment it has many qualities to deepen regret at the untoward accident which put so untimely an end to the writer's life. Particularly attractive are the glimpses which the reader catches, through Dr. Burton's introduction and through the poems themselves, of the young poet, both as college student and as graduate, in the midst of his friends and his literary occupations, with his taste for *chinoiserie*, for pewter, and the like—a little of a dilettante, perhaps, but frank and unspoiled, and an agreeable exception to the usual run of educated young Americans.

But while delicacy and fancy, a kind of irradiated actuality, are the reigning characteristics of his verse, there are a few poems haunted by another spirit—as it were a kind of presence lurking behind the visible mask of things, as in the "Fantaisie et Réveil," which has a singularly Wordsworthian touch; or even a sort of indefinable *Erd-Geist* under the physical semblances of earth, as in the address to the ghost of "The Dead Geyser":

I sat in the forest at sundown,
On the trunk of a fallen tree;
There were calm, low lights to westward,
But shadows over me,
And the gold beneath the branches
Was wonderful to see.

Before me lay a circle
In the glow of the fading sky,
The rim of an outworn geyser
That brothered an age gone by,
With roots grown down in its fissures
As thick as a good man's thigh.

. . . . . .

Then up in the evening silence,
And up in the westward light,
And over the widening shadow,
He seemed to take his flight,
Alone in the awesome stillness,
So solemn and weird and white.

A chipmunk peeped from his burrow
Where the white dead pine-stem lay;
A night-hawk rose from his tree-tip
To spiral the muffling gray;
And the wandering breath of Summer
Seemed all at once taken away.

. . . . . .

The molten brass in the tree-boles
Had dwindled to a span;
So I rose with great thoughts crowding
In solemn caravan,
And crept through the shade, a shadow,
Who had set me down a man.

Whether Mr. Noyes's "Drake" properly deserves the name of epic, to which it formally lays claim, is largely a question of literary definition, and a matter of comparatively small importance. The attempt to write a national poem in twelve books and dear knows how many thousand lines, is, on the contrary, an extremely interesting experiment, and at this juncture a very significant symptom. The marvel is that such a poem as Mr. Noyes's should exist at all; much more, that it should have been published originally in a periodical. Unfortunately for criticism, the explanation is probably to be found in politics rather than in literature.

However that may be, the "Drake" as a whole is conspicuously a *tour de force*. When read consecutively it soon grows to seem tedious and dilatory. The style is exceedingly diffuse—the style of romance rather than of epic, a kind of modernized *romancero*. The interest is too exclusively picaresque to be very lasting. In spite of all the poet's efforts to diversify the action, it remains monotonous: there is only one figure, that of Drake himself, and that figure has but one face and expression, the set Nelsonian countenance of the British naval hero, which is too contracted to supply the entire human interest of a long poem. In the first four books we have the Doughty episode, involving some sort of moral pathos; but the other characters are virtually all abstractions—Spanish despotism, Romish cruelty and superstition, and the like. Meanwhile, the "English Bess" of the love-making, if such it can be called, is a personage as tenuous and evanescent as any of Tennyson's early idyllic heroines. Finally, there is about the entire effort a disconcerting indefiniteness of aim and motive.

On the other hand, when read piecemeal, the poem produces a much more favorable impression. For this reason, the original mode of serial publication had a decided advantage. For there is some circulation of life, some movement, in the parts and members of the poem, though it fails to animate the whole body with a single spirit. The mixture of naïveté and self-consciousness, natural to such a performance in such a generation, is rather winning; though the attempt to subtilize and mysticize the plain old freebooting narrative is false and unhappy:

Drake only knew that as the four ships
plunged
Southward, the world mysteriously grew
More like a prophet's vision, hour by hour,
Fraught with dark omens and significances,
A world of hieroglyphs and sacred signs
Wherein he seemed to read the truth that
lay
Hid from the Roman augurs when of old
They told the future from the flight of
birds.
How vivid with disaster seemed the flight
Of those blood-red flamingoes o'er the dim
Blue streaming forest, like two terrible
thoughts
Flashing, unapprehended, through his brain.

This is very characteristic. In spite of over-elaboration and preciosity, Mr. Noyes's descriptions are, all in all, the best things he does. In a kind of grandiose impressiveness his sea pieces are fairly comparable with Calderon's, in whose vein they are:

For through a mighty zone of golden haze
Blotting the purple of the gathering night
A galleon like a floating mountain moved
To meet them, clad with sunset and with
dreams.
Her mast and spars immense in jewelled
mist
Shimmered: her rigging, like an emerald
web
Of golden spiders, tangled half the stars!
Embodied sunset, dragging the soft sky
O'er dazzled ocean, through the night she
drew
Out of the unknown lands; and round a
prow
That jutted like a moving promontory
Over a cloven wilderness of foam,
Upon a lofty blazoned scroll her name
San Salvador challenged obsequious isles
Where'er she rode; who kneeling like dark
slaves

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Before some great Sultan must lavish forth
From golden cornucopias, East and West,
Red streams of rubies, cataracts of pearls.

In short, it is the evidences of ingenuity and resourcefulness on the part of the author which form the most satisfactory part of "Drake," because the poem itself is mainly interesting as a problem, a set task in which the overcoming of difficulties is the measure of success.

There is not much in George Meredith's "Last Poems" to affect his reputation one way or another; not much that is likely to be of moment—save as a poet's last message is always momentous—to any but a thoroughgoing and indiscriminate Meredithian. Perhaps, at this instant, the most interesting pieces of the collection, which is a small one, are those which betray a certain anxiety for the character and the future of his country:

What figures will be shown the century hence?
What lands intact? we do but know that Power
From piety divorced, though seen immense,
Shall sink on envy of the humblest flower.

Our cry for cradled Peace, while men are still
The three-parts brute which smothers the divine, ...
Heaven answers: Guard it with forethoughtful will,
Or buy it; all your gains from War resign.

A land, not indefensibly alarmed,
May see, unwarned by hint of friendly gods,
Between a hermit crab at all points armed,
And one without a shell, decisive odds.

Significantly enough, fully half the poems in the volume, if not more, give evidence of the same preoccupation. Obviously, it is but the same symptom as Mr. Noyes's apotheosis of the British hero and his rapturous celebration of the martial spirit, which prolong in fuller tones and larger compass Meredith's own eulogy of Nelson and Trafalgar:

He leads: we hear our Seaman's call
In the roll of battles won;
For he is Britain's Admiral
Till setting of her sun.

It is something to have a definitive and authorized edition of Oscar Wilde's poetry at last. But even with all the material at hand and in trustworthy shape, it is still difficult, if not impossible, to pronounce anything like a satisfactory verdict upon the work. The memory of Wilde's histrionic personality is still too strong and immediate. It will intrude upon his verse, until admiration of the play is lost in suspicion of the actor. That it is all very clever, very brilliant, no one will deny. But, then, it seems all very professional too—an excellent demonstration of the lengths to which poetry can be carried as an acquired accomplishment. What most rouses admiration is so largely a matter of skill! If the merits of his workmanship are conspicuous, as indeed they are, conspicuous also is the fact that he is always at his best when he is most artificial. And the imputation to his sincerity is fatal. Even "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," the most effective and feeling poem that he ever wrote, is a *tour de force* in its *genre*. "The Sphinx" is as original in one sense as any he ever made, and yet consider the amount of rigmarole it contains:

When through the purple corridors the screaming scarlet Ibis flew
In terror, and a horrid dew dripped from the moaning Mandragores,

And the great torpid crocodile within the tank shed slimy tears,
And tare the jewels from his ears and staggered back into the Nile.

In fact, "The Sphinx" is a kind of decadent "Raven." For us who are so near at hand there is always the horrid doubt inseparable from his malicious delight in the *bourgeois épaté*, in the dumfounded philistine. It is impossible to do more than cultivate the disinterested mood and wait for the personal impression to fade away.

Mr. Watson's "New Poems" seems to have obtained a rather unenviable *succès de scandale* at the start. Poetically, there is little in the volume to recall the author of "Wordsworth's Grave." Among the exceptions, however, are the lines "To the Invincible Republic" of America, which are inspired by something of the same piety for the past and impatience of present degeneracy:

In peace to-day
Thou sit'st between thy oceans; but when Fate
Was at thy making, and endowed thy soul
With many gifts and costly, she forgot
To mix with these a genius for repose;
Wherefore a sting is ever in thy blood,
And in thy marrow a sublime unrest.
And thus thou keepest hot the forge of life,
Where man is still re-shapen and re-made
With fire and clangour. . . .
. . . Let it not be said
That if the peerless and the stainless one,
The man of Yorktown and of Valley Forge,—
Or he of tragic doom, thy later born,
He of the short plain word that thrilled the world
And freed the bondman,—let it not be said
That if to-day these radiant ones returned,
They would behold thee changed beyond all thought
From that austerity wherein thy youth
Was nurtured, those large habitudes of soul.

Of Mr. LeGallienne's "New Poems," "October Moonlight" is, perhaps, as characteristic as any. It has the kind of fancy, just passing into vagary, which is peculiarly his own:

The moon is up at half-past five,
She frightens me among the pines;
The moon, and only half-past five!
With half the ruddy day alive—
So soon, so high, so cold, she shines,
This daylight moon among the pines.

The moon is walking in the wood,
Her face is very white and strange;
The moon is coming through the wood,
Her face half-hidden in her hood,
Cold silver face whose hourly change
Blanches her cheek more white, more strange.

There is something about this—at once deliberately artless and premeditatedly nonsensical, a kind of artificial *naïveté*—which makes it somehow more satisfactory than its author's more serious efforts.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Winning Lady and Others. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is altogether the best collection of short stories that Mrs. Freeman has published. It marks a definite return to her original theme and manner, with such development of both as time should naturally have brought. Her experiments in other fields, if they have seemed in themselves of comparatively little value, have no doubt served their disciplinary purpose. At all events, in these studies of rural New England character, her hand seems firmer than ever.

If it were not for her comparative indifference to the out-of-door setting, she would strike us as very closely comparable to Mr. Phillpotts. The grimly humorous aspects of rustic life have a similar attraction for her; and when she gives herself up to the pursuit of humor, she is equally likely to fall into the commonplace. "Billy and Susy," the story of a pair of cats who are quarrelled over by two New England sisters on the ground of their supposed difference of sex, and who prove to be "both Susys," is the one story in the present volume which we could have done just as well without. The plot is not new, and the handling is rather clumsily farcical. In "The Selfishness of Amelia Lamkin" and "Old Woman Magoun," on the other hand, the writer is on her own ground. Amelia Lamkin is another case of over-developed "New England conscience"—a self-effacing type to be found on any Yankee countryside; while Old Woman Magoun is of a type hardly less common and not less difficult to portray—the Roman mother who stands ready to slay that which she loves for its soul's welfare. These are the pathetic or sombre aspects which Miss Wilkins was from the first most successful in presenting. The new thing in her—or the newer thing—is a vein of tender and unstrained sentiment which here yields a really beautiful study of what we rudely call "calf-love." "The Joy of Youth" represents the achievement of the writer who, because he is so faithful to the soil and the human beings he knows, succeeds now and then in creating something that the whole world

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must recognize as its own. So what in a narrow sense seems most provincial—a sketch of La Mancha, of Simla, or of Thrums—will turn out to be of more general appeal than all the vague and pretentious fictions that spring up year by year—whose scene is Everywhere, and whose theme is Everything.

Friendship Village Love Stories. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Miss Gale's Friendship Village, an idealized New England in little, has captivated many readers somewhat surfeited with rural farce on the one hand and rural tragedy on the other. The author of "Pelleas and Etarre" deals frankly in sentiment, and is not at all afraid of lapsing into sentimentality. The present love stories, which have to do with the younger element in the community with whose elders we have already made some acquaintance, will appeal to the reader according as he has or has not tears to shed. Perhaps we ought not to flatter ourselves upon the fact that the soft flutter of sensibility is now out of fashion. At all events, there are plenty of people who do not care whether it is or not, whose classics are "Little Nell" and "The Cricket on the Hearth," and who welcome such a writer as Miss Gale as a cooling spring in a land of arid fact. Whether such a village as hers ever was on land or sea (and it seems about as likely in one case as in the other) does not matter. Truth, it has been asserted, is not the same as fact; she is a goddess nevertheless who somewhat stubbornly retains her angles, and may most comfortably be seen through rose-colored glasses. In that particular optical "line" the writer of the present volume of tales has much to offer.

The Pool of Flame. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Louis Joseph Vance is one of the most commercially successful of our junior yarn-mongers. The trick of fiction has, he admits, no mysteries for him. He just "loafs around" until an idea for a story occurs to him, and then dashes it off. Of course, he has to get up his local color; and his publishers express their gratification at his modern method of doing it. No arduous travel and first-hand observation are necessary for this adept. He merely lets his persons and events take him in fancy where they will, and thereafter reads up on the itinerary. The advantages of the method are evident. Mr. Vance is as untrammelled in his motions as Puck. The action of "The Pool of Flame," for example, ranges from Monte Carlo to Burmah, by way of Algiers and Alexandria; and nowhere is there a stint of color, fair if false.

The adventures of Capt. O'Rourke—The O'Rourke—are capably fashioned after their kind. That the theme is not of the utmost originality matters nothing in said kind. The Pool of Flame, in fact, is nothing more or less than a great ruby of fabulous price which has been stolen from the eye of a Burmese idol. It has left everywhere a trail of blood. The O'Rourke is offered a huge reward for its recovery. Being that chimera of the romancer, a "gentleman of fortune," and short of funds, he is pleased to accept the chance. But a French villain gets on the scent, and dogs him with a strange company of mercenaries. Indeed, the wretched Gaul actually gets possession of the jewel, and if he were not fatuous enough (after the habit of villains) to engage in a duel for it with the hero, there would be no story. Like "The Black Bag" and its fellows, this tale has merits of vivacity and youthful self-confidence which should strongly commend it to the sophomoric mood.

The Uttermost Farthing. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

This invention concerns itself with the endeavor of a "selfless" American man to save the reputation of a pure English woman, who, having invited him to elope with her from Paris into the country, has been thoughtless enough to die, en route, of heart disease. To escape from the train and to make her husband believe that she had been travelling alone is this hero's task. A very bad week ensues, and he must needs league himself with shady agencies before he has compassed his end. The cleverness of the book, such as it is, lies in the details of a certain sort of Paris clubs and cafés, the prefecture of police, the abode of the fortune-teller. The various characters are minutely photographed in their figures, habits, and speech; but though the main features of the plot are novel, the predicaments impress one as having been forced into the story as by a compelling hand. There is no luridness of vice, and there is abundant finish of diction, but even the best that the book has to offer is depressingly shabby in tone.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Introduction to the New Testament. By Theodor Zahn. 3 vols. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $12 net.

The first German edition of this monumental work was published in 1897-99, the second in 1900, and the third, of which the volumes before us are an English translation, in 1906-07. As was to be expected, this work is characterized by exhaustive and accurate erudition, by logical acuteness, and by pronounced deference to tradition.

The thoroughness of scholarship is everywhere manifest, not only in the text proper, but also in the notes—lexical, exegetical, and historical—which are appended in fine print to each of the seventy-five sections of the work. This novel addition compensates for the omission of the customary treatment of canon and text.

The logical acuteness, suggestive of the scholastic theologian, is revealed not only in details, but in the arrangement as a whole. Here is, plainly, a constructive argument, each new point depending upon a previously established position. Opposing views of which the author is fully aware are regularly met, not directly by a rebuttal in detail, but by the reasoned presentation of a positive position. For example, Zahn points out at the start the probability that Galileans knew not only Aramaic, but Greek, thus preparing the way for the later statement that James, Peter, Jude, and John wrote in Greek the works which bear their names. So also at the outset we are reminded that Josephus, in preparing his "Jewish War" for Greek readers sought assistance from Greek scholars. This fact clears the ground for the hypothesis that Silvanus had a controlling hand in the Greek of First Peter, and explains the difference of style between this epistle and Second Peter, which was written without the aid of Silvanus. So, too, the Apocalypse of John, whose style bothered Dionysius overmuch, was written by the Son of Zebedee without assistance; while the Gospel and Epistles of John were, not impossibly, revised by friends who were better skilled in Greek than he. In this connection, the treatment of Second Peter may be instanced as an excellent example of argumentative skill. It is somewhat of a surprise at first to learn from Zahn that First Peter is addressed to Gentiles and that it betrays acquaintance with Paul's epistles to the Romans and Ephesians. When, however, we turn to Second Peter, the surprise vanishes, for it appears not only that this epistle is prior to Jude, but that it is addressed to Jewish Christians. It follows logically that the previous letter (2 Pet. iii, 1), written by Peter to the readers of Second Peter, must refer to a lost letter.

The most striking feature of this "Introduction" is, however, its pronounced deference to tradition. With the exception of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Pauline authorship of which is denied, Zahn agrees with Athanasius in his famous letter of A. D. 367, and with modern orthodoxy, in holding that the writings in the New Testament come from the authors whose names appear in the codex titles. It is, of course, unfair to assert that Zahn is intending to present the case for tradition, as it is unfair to assert that Schmiedel or some other similarly-minded scholar is a lawyer speaking to his brief for the prosecu-

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tion of tradition. *Unbefangen* is a difficult word to render into English. It is likewise unfair to say that Zahn does not cross-question tradition. The only point at issue is whether or not Zahn has stated, not the tradition, for the traditions are many and conflicting, but the most probable tradition; and whether or not the most probable tradition is supported by the internal evidence of the New Testament writings. It is admitted that, to estimate Zahn's conclusions, a knowledge of patristics is as essential as a knowledge of the New Testament. It is likewise admitted that in the field of early Christian literature Zahn's learning is probably unsurpassed. But it is a question not so much of the facts adduced as of the inferences which Zahn draws from the facts. Instead of venturing the opinion that in some cases Zahn has not indicated the most probable tradition, and that in other cases the tradition assumed as probable is incompatible with the internal evidence of the New Testament, the reviewer prefers to report some of Zahn's conclusions in reference to the gospels. Irenæus held that the Second Gospel was written after the death of Peter, while still later writers are agreed that it was written before the death of Peter. Zahn explains away the conflicting testimony by assuming that Mark was at work at his gospel in the summer of 64—exactness of date is a feature of this work of Zahn—or before the death of Peter; but did not publish it until 67, or after Peter's death. John xxi, to take another instance, was written with the consent of the son of Zebedee, but not by him. This fact might suggest that at least two persons had to do with the Fourth Gospel. But such a conclusion is forestalled by Zahn, who interprets the famous passage in Papias, which in the present form of the text naturally suggests two Johns, as meaning one John, charging at the same time that the so-called "presbyter John" owes his existence to the critical needs and devices of Eusebius, and, we may add, of Harnack. And John xix, 35, which does not at first blush suggest that it is written by the eye-witness, but which nevertheless is by the eye-witness, is so interpreted that the ἐκεῖνος is not "he that hath seen" but the Christ: a fancy as old as Erasmus.

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory part of the introduction is the treatment of the synoptic problem. Scant justice is done to the massive labors of Holtzmann and Weiss, and the astounding sentence appears:

> Up to the present time, no one of the investigations of the synoptic problem can be said to have produced results which have been generally accepted, or that can lay well-grounded claims to acceptance (II, 418).

The oldest gospel is not Mark, but Matthew, not the Greek Matthew, but the Aramaic Matthew of which Papias is assumed to speak. This original gospel was written in Palestine in 62, and was used by Mark. Luke, writing in 75, is independent of Matthew, but uses Mark. Finally, about 85, the original Matthew appears in Greek dress, a translation revealing a knowledge of Mark, but not of Luke. Why Mark omitted Matthew's story of the infancy or why there is such a linguistic affinity between Matthew and Luke at the points where they agree together against Mark, are difficulties which Zahn has not solved.

As for the translation, the fact that it was made under the supervision of Prof. M. W. Jacobus is a sufficient guarantee of its accuracy. The style of the original, as Zahn himself wittily admits in his preface to the translation, is not free from obscurity. The translators, however, students of Hartford Theological Seminary, have succeeded in giving a readable reproduction, though at times a tangled sentence needs recasting. The presswork is, in general, excellent. A special word of commendation is due to Professor Thayer for the admirable index.

Something of Men I Have Known. By Adlai E. Stevenson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Disappointing books, like disappointing people, rouse our resentment in proportion to the high hopes they have defeated. The first fifty pages of the former Vice-President's reminiscences hold out the promise of an exceedingly successful experiment in the art of the light memoir. These first chapters deal with the author's early career in Congress. The fact that there is a laugh or two on every page does not at first arouse suspicion, since with the fun goes a plentiful supply of intimate comment on men whose names fall sufficiently short of fame to profit by what Mr. Stevenson has to say about them. There are anecdotes about William R. Morrison of Illinois and Proctor Knott and Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, of which any volume of personal recollections would be proud.

But after the brilliant initial spurt comes a sudden stop, and every page makes it only too sadly apparent that what the author has set out to do is to compile a volume of funny stories of the kind that fills the exchange columns in the newspapers. The jests take on a suspiciously familiar air, and all pretence at writing from personal knowledge is cast aside. The habit of printing the point of the joke in italics, after the good old British fashion, grows irritating when the reasons for retelling the joke are not very apparent. Hence we are finally compelled to admit that for all the long list of well-known names Mr. Stevenson calls in review in his later pages, there is barely one to which he adds an illuminating touch, or even a fresh bit of information.

An instance in case is the chapter on Stephen A. Douglas, of whom our author writes with a pleasantly effective warmth of feeling. But though Mr. Stevenson was twenty-three years old when Douglas and Lincoln fought out their historic series of debates, there is nothing in the present account to indicate that Stevenson ever met Douglas or ever heard him speak. His story is largely a compilation from other authors, a method he employs in his chapter on the Mormons and elsewhere. Without a cheering "I" or "I remember" in it, the chapter on Douglas might as well have been written by a man born twenty years after the civil war.

The pity is all the greater because at intervals the book flashes up into a semblance of its earlier promise. The sketch of old John Reynolds, Indian fighter and Governor of Illinois, is done in a tone of delightfully sustained satire. Better yet is the old-time country doctor whom the writer once asked: "What, in your judgment as a medical man, is to be the final destination of the human soul?" "Brother Stevenson," replied Doctor John, "the solar system are one of which I have given very little reflection." Doctor John belonged to the "epleptic" school of medicine, objected to giving "written proscriptions," asserted in regard to a rival practitioner that "my books will show a greater degree of mortality than what his'n will," and once, with Mr. Stevenson acting as umpire, won a bet of five dollars by spelling "sugar" s-h-o-o-g-o-r-r.

A Journey in Southern Siberia: The Mongols, Their Religion, and Their Myths. By Jeremiah Curtin. With a map and numerous illustrations from photographs. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. $3 net.

This is the third and final volume of the posthumous series upon the Mongols by the late distinguished ethnologist and linguist, Jeremiah Curtin; the first and second being, respectively, "The Mongols: A History"—dealing with the career of Jinghis Khan and his immediate successors in Asia—and "The Mongols in Russia," the story of the Tatar conquest of Russia. It was the author's intention to make it a series of five volumes, the others to treat respectively of the career of Batu, in southeastern Europe, and of Tamerlane and the Mogul emperors in Persia and India; the present volume, descriptive of the home life, religion, and mythology of the existing primitive remnant, closing the series. He had collected much of the material when the end came, and the duty of arranging for publication what was already written devolved upon Mrs. Curtin, his companion in labors and wanderings.

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The material for the present volume was gathered chiefly in the summer of 1900, among the Buriat: a fairly primitive Tatar tribe of Lake Baikal, in southern Siberia. This is the region in which Jinghis Khan began his terrible career seven centuries ago. The Buriat, constituting about 60 per cent. of a tribe numbering a quarter of a million individuals, are a pastoral people. Where not Russianized, they dwell in octagonal houses of a single room, with a fire hole in the centre of the earthen floor. In habit, thought, and physical appearance they much resemble our own Indians of the plains. In one form or another, milk of cows or mares, with the flesh of the same animals, is their almost exclusive diet. The open milk barrel is the household commissary, and its replenishing the daily duty of the housewife. As this barrel is never covered, it has always a thick scum of the filthy dust that fills the air from the constant tramping of the herds. The single daily meal consists of boiled meat, some dirty rye bread, and then milk: sweet, or sour, or curds, or skimmings, or *tarasun*, a colorless intoxicant distilled from the same milk when it is become too sour for any other use. Even the bread is made up in part from the solid residuum of the distilling.

While other Mongol tribes have accepted Buddhism, Mohammedanism, or Russian Christianity, the majority of the Buriat have retained their primitive shamanism, the very name of which is of Mongol origin. Every house, field, and pasture has its *ongons*, or protecting fetishes, hung up near the roof or fastened to upright poles. Mr. Curtin gives us here a good account of wedding, christening, and funeral (*i. e.*, cremation) rites, and of the great propitiatory ceremony of the horse sacrifice, which he himself witnessed. This last ceremony involves the slaughter of nine white mares, whose bones are burned upon stone altars, but whose flesh is eaten with accompanying litany and libation. We find here, however, but meagre detail of general ritual and belief, and must still consult for these matters Mikhailovskii as embodied in Wardrop's translation, "Shamanism in Siberia and European Russia," while for the economic condition and home life of this people, our best authority remains Melnikov. What we get from Curtin is a general picture of a half-savage, pastoral, and equestrian race, of few manly traits, inconstant, dishonest, mercenary, repulsively dirty in habit and surrounding, given over to drunkenness, immorality and cruelty, degenerate descendants of the merciless hordes that once carried massacre and desolation from the China seas to the German frontier. Melnikov's view is much more favorable, for he, while freely admitting their vices, considers them as ranking fairly high in industry, mechanical skill, and intellectual ability.

The myths, with which about half of the book is occupied, have their own distinct character. In virile strength they suggest the Mongol of world-domination, while in picturesque detail and abounding exaggeration we may trace the influence of the more cultured Oriental races which have given us the Arabian Nights. Their closest European counterparts are the hero tales of ancient Ireland.

Among them we find the Buriat parallel of the Bible tree of knowledge. There are numerous fine illustrations of the imaginative faculty of the Mongol, with here and there a touch of Mongol philosophy, such as:

> Soft meat needs no knife, and a true word needs no road.
>
> Once I have undertaken, I shall finish.
>
> With women, hair is long, but thought is short,—

to which last saying the women retort: "Short hair, short sense."

It is much to be regretted that so few etymologies are given, as these furnish the key to the real meaning of the myths themselves. The map shows deficient proofreading. There are several pages of notes and index, including an index of myth incidents, and President Eliot, the author's former instructor at Harvard, contributes a sympathetic preface.

A Literary History of the English People. Vol. III. From the Renaissance to the Civil War, Part ii. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The present instalment of M. Jusserand's history shows the same quality as the preceding volumes—erudition enlivened by humor and illuminated by brilliancy and charm of style—but it has the advantage over its predecessors of dealing with a group of writers of the first importance, and so affording a worthier test of the author's critical powers. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the other Elizabethan dramatists, Raleigh, Bacon, Herrick, Burton, and Browne here constitute the material of discussion, and, whether we agree with the author or not, the method of approach is throughout so new, the criticism so fresh and unhackneyed, the observations so manifestly the fruit of an extremely alert and wholly independent mind, that there is not a tedious page in the book. As we remarked in our notice of the First Part of this volume, M. Jusserand's method enables him to lighten his task to a degree that is not possible in histories of the usual type. Leaving aside the great body of less significant and intractable material to the handbooks of literature, of which there is never likely to be any lack, he aims at a general appreciation of the period or the *genre* through its most eminent representatives; and even in the case of these he does not attempt a systematic appreciation of their individual works. At the same time the volume conforms to the title of the work and is by no means a mere collection of essays on the great writers of the period. Indeed, M. Jusserand's skill in recalling before our eyes a past civilization—here the bustling London which furnished the Elizabethan dramatists with their audiences and imposed on them its tastes—was never displayed to better advantage. The artist comes to the aid of the critic, and it is the combination of these qualities that gives M. Jusserand his particular distinction.

The chapters devoted to Shakespeare, which constitute considerably more than one-third of the volume, are those, of course, which will at once attract the reader's attention. That the author's point of view is not the same as the English reader's will not be likely to diminish their power of interest. The difference is manifest in the space given to the defects of Shakespeare's work, of which we have here and there scattered through these chapters, a more searching examination than could be pointed to in any other book of Shakespearean criticism. Naturally, however, the English reader will not accept all of M. Jusserand's strictures (which, it may be remarked, take no account of the different periods of production), especially those which spring from a manifest want of sympathy with the romantic spirit. This want of sympathy, doubtless, is responsible for our author's incredible insensibility to the charm of Shakespeare's great comedies. To describe "Twelfth Night" as "chiefly filled—with filling," is surely a singular way of dismissing a comedy which, by its charm of humor, sentiment, and poetry, still delights audiences (to say nothing of readers) three hundred years after its first performance. We cannot be surprised, after this, that Benedict and Beatrice simply bore M. Jusserand, and that even Rosalind, who captivated Taine, seems to have failed to win the heart of his countryman. The same want of sympathy mars his criticism of "King Lear," and leads him to regard the wild scenes of the third and fourth acts of that play—the most stupendous expression of the Germanic genius—as mere "theatrical devices." It would be an injustice to M. Jusserand, however, if we should leave the impression that these limitations of sympathy overbalanced his admiration for the poet's work, as a whole. On the contrary, no one has expressed better the life-giving power of the great dramatist, his splendid lyrical capacity, and his magical gifts of language.

The excellent chapters on the prose-writers furnish less material for de-

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bate; but the classical leanings of the author's criticism show themselves again in his treatment of the later Elizabethan dramatists. We are accordingly astonished to find Chapman singled out for especial praise—partly, no doubt, because he depicts Frenchmen with seriousness and dignity instead of with the crude and outrageous chauvinism of Shakespeare's history-plays. But the very wildness and improbability of the plots of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and the rest, which are a stumbling-block to M. Jusserand, will always obtain more readers for these dramatists than for their more regularly disposed contemporary. Altogether in his reaction from the excessive laudation which it has long been the habit to bestow upon the minor dramatists of this age—a habit which has increased especially since the establishment of dissertation-factories in our modern universities—M. Jusserand, it seems to us, has gone too far to the other extreme. Their characterization may be crude, their plots may frequently represent a threadbare romanticism or even confuse by imperfect construction, the touch of blood and lust may be too often on their work; some of the most important of them, *e. g.*, Webster and Middleton, may be destitute of any real rhythmical charm, yet they are practically all of them endowed with no inconsiderable share of vital energy, and they are nearly all able, even in otherwise unsatisfactory plays, to throw off with varying profusion beautiful fancies and images.

The present volume is better translated than the last, being free, especially, from the irritating inversions which gave that part of the English translation a strongly Teutonic flavor. A few Gallicisms, however, have crept in, such as "politics" for "politicians," "ignore" for "to be ignorant of," "expose" for "expound." *Anglia*, moreover, is a review, not a learned society, and it is singular in a book printed in this country to find the institution at New Haven called the "University of Yale."

The True History of the Conquest of New Spain. By Bernal Díaz del Castillo; edited by Genaro García. Translated into English by Alfred Percival Maudslay. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

The Hakluyt Society continues to perform its chosen task of publishing English editions of rare works on early geography, conquest, and exploration, in such a manner as to command our warmest admiration. Its latest product is an accurate and carefully annotated translation of the first part of one of the four accounts by eye-witnesses of the discovery and conquest of Mexico by Hernando Cortés; and the remainder of this interesting narrative will doubtless soon be put forth in a subsequent volume. The original manuscript has always been kept at Guatemala, where it remains to-day; and the only exact copy ever made from it, which was edited and published in Mexico a few years since, by Genaro García, forms the basis for the present translation. A garbled version, compiled in 1632 by Friar Alonzo Remón of the Order of Mercy from a sixteenth-century copy of the original document, was, in the course of the nineteenth century, translated into English, French, German, and Hungarian; so that Bernal's story has not been by any means unknown hitherto. The untrustworthiness of Father Remón's work was, however, such as to make the appearance of the present accurate edition almost as valuable as an entirely new discovery.

Bernal Díaz del Castillo was born in 1492, in the famous town of Medina del Campo, in Old Castile, and emigrated to America in 1514 in search of adventures and riches. Most of his first three years there were spent in Cuba; in 1517 and 1518, however, he accompanied Capt. Francisco Hernández de Córdova and Juan de Grijalva in their preliminary explorations on the mainland; and in 1519 he joined the memorable expedition of Hernando Cortés. With Cortés he remained through the defeat of the army of Narvaez and the capture of Mexico in 1521; and though he found, like many others, that his share of the rich booty fell far short of what he had a right to expect, he did not desert his leader, but commanded various minor expeditions for the subjection of remote parts of the country. The superseding of Cortés, by the Audiencia of 1528 and subsequently by the first Mexican viceroy, Mendoza, in 1535, failed to better Bernal's fortunes, and finally, in 1540, he departed for Spain to seek justice at the hands of the Council of Castile. After the usual delays, he returned to America in 1541, armed with a couple of decrees which resulted in gaining for him "three towns of little worth" in Guatemala, where, save for one brief journey to Spain in 1550, he remained, poor but respected and beloved, till the day of his death in 1581.

Bernal was above seventy years of age when he began the writing of his "True History," and the story tells of the conquest of the mainland from 1514 to 1568. It consists of 214 chapters, the first 81—which take the account down through Cortés's dealings with the Tlascalans in the autumn of 1519—being translated in the present volume. Bernal did not pretend to be a man of letters; he confesses his slight knowledge of literature, and humbly begs his readers' indulgence. But his account is valuable as the simple, unaffected, straightforward narrative of a vain but honest, splendidly courageous, and thoroughly lovable old soldier. It only remains to add that editor and translator have done their work uniformly well, and that an excellent introduction and appendix, maps, illustrations, a glossary of Mexican, Spanish, and other foreign words, and a very complete bibliography, enhance greatly the value of the "History."

Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot. By the Rev. Myron Eells, D.D. Seattle: Alice Harriman Co.

A zealous disciple and follower of the sturdy pioneer and martyr-missionary of Oregon recounts in this book the story of Marcus Whitman. The hero was a man of the John Brown and Stonewall Jackson type, of the sternest evangelical piety, great force of character, pursuing his aim with a singleness of purpose so narrow that he became quite blind to considerations which would have been obvious had his mind been broader. This is the latest deliverance in the long and acrimonious controversy as to whether or not Marcus Whitman saved Oregon to the United States. We think that no one man saved Oregon. The Northwest came to the United States because the American people poured into it overwhelmingly, England meanwhile being powerless to offer any counteracting tide. In the influx Whitman was no doubt a notable figure; but so, too, were the merchant-adventurers like Astor, the Methodist missionaries of the Willamette Valley, the captains of the emigrant trains, like Wyeth; chief of all, perhaps, Robert Gray, who carried his ship, in 1792, into the Columbia River, and thus established the first hold.

We think Dr. Eells makes clear by much testimony what has been denied—namely, that Whitman, in undertaking his famous winter journey across the continent in 1842-3, had prominently in mind the prevention of England, which at that time, through the Hudson's Bay Company, was seeking to secure herself in that region, and that his work to this end was effective. A main argument of the opposers of this view has been that for full twenty years after the journey no such claim was advanced as to Whitman's purpose. This objection Dr. Eells meets as follows: Whitman's mission-station was in close contact with the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, from which it obtained supplies and received protection. It was necessary, therefore, to be reticent about a plan to subvert their jurisdiction and turn the country over to the United States. Again, Whitman had been sent to the Columbia by the American Board of Foreign Missions to save souls for Christ. Critics said it was a departure from his proper work for him to give time and strength to a political scheme (much to his material advantage if it succeeded) however patriotic. It was wise therefore

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to keep the facts in the background. Good worldly reasons for reticence, perhaps, but are such transactions fair and above board? In England the Oregon missionaries were accused of being tricky and treacherous, of, abusing the hospitality and kindness of the Hudson's Bay factors (shown notably by John McLoughlin at Vancouver). Dr. Eells's pages give evidence that the officials of the American Board, and others, felt that Whitman was doing other work than that to which he had been assigned. Dr. Eells states his case naïvely, not appearing to see that the situation he describes suggests serious questions. Whitman possessed manly virtues, and had a hand in the saving of Oregon, and it is ardently to be wished that his course in the matter, and that of his friends, should be cleared of all suspicion of duplicity and unfaithfulness to their proper engagements.

Notes.

Through the Columbia University Press will be published a complete edition of the English and Latin works of John Milton, in verse and in prose. The editorship of this work is to be held by Prof. W. P. Trent, who has previously published a study of Milton, and whose biography and bibliography of Defoe, in three volumes, is promised for early issue. The Columbia University edition of Milton will run to at least eight large octavo volumes. It will be adequately illustrated and furnished with facsimiles of manuscripts and title-pages. Besides the standard library edition of the new Milton, there will be a limited large-paper edition.

Brentano's offer an edition of Oscar Wilde's poems in a volume uniform with their issue of his other works. It contains a biographical introduction by Temple Scott.

"Modernity and the Churches," a contribution by Dr. Percy Gardner to the Putnams' Crown Theological Library, is announced for early issue. The essay which gives its title to the volume was delivered before the Hibbert Summer School of Liberal Theology in Oxford, England, last autumn.

The Putnams are the publishers, also, of a forthcoming book for boys by Frederick Stanhope Hill (author of "Twenty-six Historic Ships") entitled, "The Romance of the American Navy." An historical work for grown-ups, to be issued by the same publishers, is "Britain at Bay," by Spencer Wilkinson, Chichele professor of military history at Oxford University.

During January and February, the Cochrane Publishing Company will issue, among other books, "Ideals and Conduct," by Uriel Buchanan, the exponent of the "new thought," and author of "The Mind's Attainment," and various books on Yogi philosophy.

The authorship of the story, "Margarita's Soul," has just been disclosed. The book is by Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, Leo S. Olschki, the Florentine publisher and bookseller, will issue a monumental edition of the "Divina Commedia," which it is aimed to make worthy, in scholarship and beauty, of the anniversary it memorializes. A new life of the poet by Gabriele D'Annunzio will precede the text. Count Passerini, editor of Olschki's *Giornale Dantesco*, will supply the commentary, which aims at comprehensiveness, and is printed on each page, parallel with the text; and the editorial revision of the text itself promises to be thorough. The book will be printed on hand-made paper especially manufactured by Miliani of Fabriano, with the watermark of Dante's head. It will be a royal folio, of about 600 pages, with broad margins. The leather binding, with bronze hinges, etc., is described as of the finest Italian craftsmanship. The edition is limited to 300 copies, and the subscriber's name will be printed on the flyleaf. The subscription price (prior to January 31, 1910) is 500 lire. Six additional copies, printed on parchment, with illuminations by Prof. Amedeo Nesi, and other embellishments, will be 3,000 lire each. Lemcke & Buechner of New York are the American agents, and it is announced that the work will be ready for delivery next autumn.

A plan was announced some time since for the erection of a statue of Ralph Waldo Emerson in the town of Concord. A committee was appointed to procure and erect such a statue, the members being George A. King, John S. Keyes, Moorfield Storey, Henry L. Higginson, Charles Francis Adams, 2d, Woodward Hudson, Edward J. Bartlett, George S. Keyes. The sculptor, Daniel C. French, who was, in youth, Emerson's neighbor and friend, undertook the work, and about $7,000 had been raised, out of the required $20,000, when the San Francisco earthquake diverted subscriptions to a more pressing cause. The committee is now earnestly desirous of completing the work, and asks every friend of Emerson to send what he or she can, no matter how little, to Lee, Higginson & Co., No. 50 State Street, Boston, who will acknowledge all contributions.

The award of two Parisian literary prizes is announced. That of the *Annales* (3,000 francs) goes to Pierre Grasset, an earlier prize-winner with his "Conte Bleu." That of the Association des Critiques Littéraires (1,000 francs) is divided between Georges Grappe, author of "Dans le Jardin de Sainte-Beuve" and of the very recently translated study of Degas, and Alphonse Séché, the biographer, who has published an anthology, in two volumes, under the title, "Muses Françaises."

For their standard sets of novelists, Charles Scribner's Sons are now preparing a Memorial Edition of George Meredith, to be completed, according to the present estimate, in twenty-seven volumes. Two of these volumes, "The Shaving of Shagpat" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," are now before us. They are well printed, and the binding is in silk, uniform with the Outward Bound Kipling, the Thistle Stevenson, and the New York James. The illustrations include photographs taken for the edition by Frederick Evans, showing scenes identified by Meredith with his stories; they are to include also reproductions of the drawings made by Millais, Du Maurier, and others for the original publications. A considerable amount of new material is promised, of which we shall have occasion to speak when it appears. We have, in sooth, grown rather to dread this resuscitation of an author's ephemeral work, but in the case of Meredith the process may justify itself. One volume of this new material, containing the unfinished novel "Celt and Saxon," will certainly be welcome. Students of Meredith will also be glad to know that the concluding volume is to collect the various changes and deletions made by the author in the different editions of his works, together with a complete bibliography. Altogether the publishers are no doubt right in calling this the definitive edition of Meredith.

Helen Archibald Clarke is one of the writers who follow the trail of the poet. Having written of Browning's Italy and England, she turns now with a will to "Longfellow's Country" (Baker & Taylor Co.). Here she joins to æsthetic fervor something of our modern nature cult and love of out-of-doors. These fine traits, blended with enthusiasm for the life and character of her poet, readily suggest writing of a superlative sort; and yet enthusiasm is always worth the contemplating. On occasion, the author of "Longfellow's Country" makes much of little, it seems to us; perhaps the pains she takes to quote some passages from the poet's journal are unnecessary—as in the case of a commonplace note like this, of the view from Milton Hill, near Boston:

> Commands a grand prospect over villages, fields, forests, and the city, to the great sea itself, stretching blue and vapory beyond.

The comment is not felicitous: "We know that Longfellow loved the sea, not only because of his frequent references to it in his poetry, but because he speaks of this love more than once, *when clothed and in his right mind*, in his journal."

Not that this book lacks interest. For those who are curious as to the making of a poem there are reproduced, for example, newspaper accounts of the wreck of the Hesperus (not at Norman's Woe, but off Rowe's wharf, Boston), and a passage from Longfellow's diary (December 17, 1839):

> News of shipwreck horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck.

Readable chapters about Gloucester—both the poet's and ours—about Newport and "The Skeleton in Armor," and about "Hiawatha" and the material for that poem—all these matters are here. And there are photographic illustrations of such places as figure in the various poems.

Rabbi Edward N. Calisch has attempted in a volume of 277 pages, including index and bibliographical appendices, to write the history of "The Jew in English Literature," as author and as subject from the earliest times to the present day (Richmond: The Bell Book and Stationery Co.). It is to be regretted that the scholarship he has brought to this ambitious task is quite unequal to the zeal displayed. In dealing with some of the famous repre-

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sentations of the Jew, malignant or otherwise—Marlowe's Barabas, Shylock, Fagin, Daniel Deronda—Rabbi Calisch speaks with feeling and with an understanding of the ideals of his race which should make his criticisms suggestive to the Gentile reader. But in the main his treatise smacks of secondary sources, of second and third hand critical opinion, of bungling, futile compilation. He expresses pleasant disdain for those who quote without quotation marks; but he himself quotes—almost as great a sin in a work of this sort—with quotation marks, but *without indicating the author*. He also quotes by paraphrase, one must suspect, from bad and antiquated authorities—and this is a worse sin, if possible, *than the one which he condemns*. In the section devoted to the nineteenth century he presents without order or proportion a jumble of books, authors, and biographical sketches, some important, some not, some with dates, some without, dead with the living, helter-skelter in inexplicable confusion. A few specimens of the sheer blunders sprinkled through the pages will best illustrate the inadequacy of his account. He credits the dramatist Greene (p. 61) with a passage which he says very positively refers to an event that happened in 1594, oblivious of the fact that Greene died in 1592. He remarks (p. 93) that "the dominance of the religious element made itself apparent in the atmosphere of the theatre" in the later seventeenth century, the plays reverting in the Restoration period "to Biblical or Palestinean conditions"! He lists Rymer's "Fœdera," which belong to the early eighteenth century with the work of Matthew Paris and Roger of Wendover in the "Pre-Elizabethan Period" (p. 199). He refers to Gil Blas (p. 115) as if it were the name of an author. On the same page he spells Edmund Spenser with a "c." Choicest of all, he makes Oliver Goldsmith (p. 135) a nineteenth century novelist, and confirms the error in the appendix (p. 214) —the novel in question is "The Haunch of Venison," a fine piece of prose fiction with which all readers of Goldsmith are familiar.

The sixth volume of Dr. Elroy M. Avery's "History of the United States and its People" (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.), covering the period from the New York campaign of 1776 to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, has in general the same qualities of accuracy and proportion and the same profusion of pertinent and consummately executed illustrations as those to which the readers of this monumental piece of bookmaking are by this time accustomed. Special praise should be given to the maps and battle plans, which excel, both in historical value and in mechanical beauty, anything ever attempted in an American historical work. In certain other important respects, however, we cannot but feel that the present instalment of Dr. Avery's great undertaking is a disappointment. For one thing, the social and economic life of the period is almost wholly neglected, save for brief chapters on finance and on the treatment of the loyalists. When it is remembered that New England, for example, saw comparatively little of the Revolutionary War after the evacuation of Boston, and that large parts of the South were, for considerable periods, free from active military operations, the internal life of those sections obviously becomes of importance; but of that life, as of the period of recovery after the war and before the adoption of the Constitution, these pages afford but meagre details. Equally disappointing is the literary form. With a period possessing in a high degree the advantages of unity and incident, Dr. Avery gives us, at best, only careful narrative. Of the numerous dramatic situations with which his story deals, not one receives a really effective literary setting; while in more than one instance the style approaches dangerously near flippancy. The successes and tragedies of the making of a nation are serious, whatever a writer may think of them; and it is matter of regret that Dr. Avery, with the most favorable opportunity for good writing that the course of his narrative has yet afforded, should not only fail to rise above the accurate and the commonplace, but should also at times sacrifice dignity to what, with him, doubtless, passes in good faith as lightness of touch. Of positive slips in the text, whether of statement or of proof-reading, there are, happily, few. "Haynau," on page 3, becomes "Hanau" on page 102; while the soldiers who, down to page 314, take or hold "redoubts," thereafter fight over "redouts." The use throughout of "cannons" as a plural form, and of "privateers" (page 63) in the sense of privateersmen, is at least doubtful usage. Sir *Henry* Carleton (page 357) is obviously a slip for Sir Guy Carleton.

"Travels in Spain," by Philip Sanford Marden (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is a book for which the author engagingly admits that there is no excuse except as a record of his own pleasurable experiences. For a traveller on his first venture into Spain, who was without any special knowledge of Spanish history or characteristics, and whose acquaintance with the language was obviously only of the phrase-book sort, Mr. Marden contrives to avoid many of the ordinary pitfalls and to write with unfailing zest. He plainly enjoyed his itinerary so much that readers will almost regret that they cannot find more in it to repay them for their trouble in following him. Some amends are made in the shape of a number of excellent illustrations, after photographs.

A frank imitation of the Baedeker model, in both contents and style of printing, "Terry's Mexico" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) may be commended as a trustworthy handbook for travellers. Its information is full and up to date, and is given with a high degree of accuracy, so far as we have been able to test it. Not only a long and minute acquaintance with the country, but general sagacity and a good insight into Mexican character guide the author in his advice to tourists. His fair-mindedness is well instanced in his page on the famous but disputed Titian of Tzintzuntzan, where he gives the arguments for and against the attribution without deciding. Mr. Terry usefully gives the Spanish equivalent for many English words, but this part of his work is not without slips.

Prof. Emory R. Johnson's "Elements of Transportation" is a recent and valuable addition to Appleton's Business series. The author has undertaken to cover the whole field of transportation in a single elementary volume, and he has divided his study into four parts, dealing respectively with steam and electric railways, ocean transportation, and inland waterways. The general plan of treatment has been to discuss, in turn, each of the various agencies of transportation with reference to its origin and growth, the services which it performs, the relations of the carriers to each other and to the public, and the regulation of the services of the carriers by the government. The writer has covered in this single volume the salient points which he had already so well treated with more detail in his two books entitled "American Railway Transportation" and "Ocean and Inland Water Transportation." Although the work is adapted primarily to the needs of classes in commercial high schools and in private commercial and technical institutions, it is not without considerable value for normal schools and colleges as well.

Of the many volumes lately published about Bismarck, the most interesting and valuable is "Bismarck: ein Biographie," von Erich Marcks, of which the first volume, covering the period from 1815 to 1848, has just been issued by the Cotta'sche Buchhandlung of Stuttgart and Berlin. It contains the fullest account hitherto published of Bismarck's early youth and education, his wild and turbulent career as a student of the university, and his moral and mental development during the first thirty-three years of his life. Even as a country squire he was known as the "tolle Bismarck," and his landed estate, *Kniephof*, was called by the peasants *Kneiphof* (tippling grange). The author of the volume before us, a professor in the recently founded Hamburg Scientific Institute, was aided in his researches by Herbert Bismarck and other members of the family, who allowed him access to private papers in Friedrichsruh and Schönhausen. This first volume deals chiefly with personal characteristics and psychology: its data place us in a better position than heretofore for judging Bismarck's subsequent political career. Extremely interesting is the section entitled *Weltanschauungskämpfe*, or cosmological conflicts, which led him to renounce his belief in Christianity and to become a pantheist. This change, which began in his sixteenth year with the study of philosophical works, ancient and modern, especially Hegel and Spinoza, was rendered still more radical by the writings of David Strauss, Ludwig Feuerbach, and Bruno Bauer, so that, to use his own expression, he was "conducted still deeper into the *cul-de-sac* of doubt." This skepticism often takes a sardonic tone, as for example in a letter to his sister describing a stormy voyage to Norderney in August, 1844: "Some ladies fainted, others wept, and the stillness of the gentlemen's cabin was broken only by the loud praying of a Bremen merchant, who, before the tempest, seemed to think more of his vest than of his God. . . . Still, his prayer saved us this time." His restless and quite melancholy state of mind continued for some years, and it was not until his marriage in 1847 that his so-called "conversion" took place—this as the result of outward circumstances and social considerations, rather than intellectual conviction. Portraits of Bismarck at eleven and twenty years of age are given in this first volume of Marcks's work, whose earlier pages are well written, though they are, perhaps, somewhat too numerous.

Several volumes have recently been add-

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ed to the series of technical economic monographs edited by Prof. Ludwig Sinzheimer, lecturer in political economy at the University of Munich. The series appeals most forcibly to students and investigators within the fields of industrial history and commercial geography. This is due to the fact that the various volumes are prepared in conformity with the general plan of showing the economic significance of the progress of technical knowledge as applied to certain representative industries. The ninth volume, which is the latest yet published, was prepared by Dr. Franz Schaefer and is entitled "Die volkswirtschaftliche Bedeutung der technischen Entwicklung in der Papierfabrikation" (Leipzig: Werner Klinkhardt). Other studies which already have appeared in the same series deal with the sugar, shipbuilding, glass, sulphuric acid, celluloid, brick, wool, and shoe industries.

The Rev. Theodore Thornton Munger died at New Haven, Conn., January 11, in the eightieth year of his age. He was a graduate of Yale College and Yale Theological Seminary, and was active as a clergyman in the Congregational Church until his retirement in 1901. He was the author of fiction, essays, and a biography of Horace Bushnell.

James Barr Ames, dean of the Harvard Law School, died at Cambridge, Mass., January 8. He was born in Boston, June 22, 1846. He was a graduate of Harvard College (1868), and of the Harvard Law School (1872). From 1873 he had been a professor in the latter institution, and since 1895, dean. He compiled numerous volumes of cases, and was a frequent contributor to the *Harvard Law Review* and other publications.

Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, founder of two national patriotic societies and the author of several novels, died in New York city January 6, in the seventieth year of her age.

George Edward Graham, a newspaper writer and the author of two volumes of war correspondence, died January 6 at Los Angeles, Cal., aged forty-three years.

Peter Hay Hunter, D.D., of Edinburgh has recently died, aged fifty-five years. Among his religious books are "The Story of Daniel" and "After the Exile," and he was the author of several novels.

John Sibree, the last of the literary group of Coventry associated with George Eliot, died last month at an advanced age. Born in Coventry in 1823, he was educated at Mill Hill, and later in Germany. Besides being an educator, he translated Hegel's "Philosophy of History" (1857). He was described as knowing his Horace by heart, and as an ardent evolutionist; and with his figure readers of Cross's Life of George Eliot are not unfamiliar.

Francesco di Paolo Satolli, bishop of Frascati, archpriest of the Lateran Arch-Basilica, and prefect of the Congregation of Studies, died at Rome, January 8. He was born at Marsciano in 1839. He was created a cardinal in 1895. Three years earlier he had acted as first apostolic delegate from the Vatican to the United States. He made in all three visits to this country. He was an exponent of the Thomistic philosophy, and the author of a "Commentary on the 'Summa' of St. Thomas," in several volumes, of a "Course in Philosophy," and of essays on various topics, including "The Beautiful and True in Relation to the Study of Nature," "The Powers of the Soul," and "Variety of Systems and Essential Defects of Modern Philosophy."

From France comes news of the death of two men of letters: Ernest Quentin-Bauchart, a bibliographer of high standing—the author of "Les Femmes Bibliophiles de France," two volumes, "Mes Livres," etc.—at an advanced age, and Charles Louis Philippe, a novelist, at the age of thirty-five years.

From Strasburg is reported the death, at eighty-five years, of Ludwig Friedländer, professor of classical philology and archæology at the University of Königsberg from 1859 to 1892. The editor of Juvenal and Martial, and a contributor to Homeric literature, he was perhaps best known for his "Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms."

Science.

Preventable Diseases. By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Of all writers on popular medicine, Dr. Woods Hutchinson deserves commendation for his accurate, forceful, and interesting presentation of matters which lie very close to health and happiness. His present book is an excellent example of his lucid manner of exposition. He has learned, that to be explicit, one must go to the very bottom of a subject, and hence every chapter of this volume explains to the reader the embryological significance and the pathology of diseases preventable through knowledge and caution.

The first chapter shows the defences of the body against the invasion of death-dealing diseases. There is, the author says, a true legacy of health, and lack of health represents to a great extent our wilful and perverse ways of living. The diseases which he considers preventable are adenoid growths, tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, appendicitis, malaria, rheumatism, cancer, and the various odds and ends classified as psychoses.

The chapter on cancer is especially illuminating, and shows the origin, the prevalence, the characteristics, and the early diagnosis of this dread scourge. The only cure for cancer is early diagnosis and immediate operation. To quote:

Warts and birthmarks that are in any way subject to pressure or friction from clothing or movements should be promptly removed, as both show a distinctly greater tendency than normal tissue to develop into cancer. Cracks, fissures, chafes, and lumps of all sorts, especially about the lips, tongue, mammary gland, uterus, and rectum, should be early and aseptically dealt with; jagged remnants of teeth should be removed, all suppurative processes of the gums antiseptically treated, and the whole mouth parts kept in a thoroughly aseptic condition.

Headache he considers the most useful pain in the world, inasmuch as it is often the first danger signal that some wheel in the great body mechanism has slipped its cog. The final chapter deals with mental influences in disease, and touches lightly the much discussed psychotherapy.

A new "School Economic Atlas," by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., with an introduction by L. W. Lyde, M.A., professor of economic geography in University College, London, is promised for early publication by Henry Frowde. Sixty-four colored maps are a feature of the announced publication.

Prof. Carl Runge's lectures on "Graphical Methods in Mathematics and Physics," delivered by him at Columbia University as the Kaiser Wilhelm professor, are to be published in book form by the Columbia University Press.

In "Makers of Electricity" (Fordham University Press), by Brother Potamian and Dr. Walsh, we have biographical sketches of some of the great discoverers in this branch of science. It is, in our opinion, a matter of importance that the works and lives of men like Gilbert, Franklin, Galvani, Volta, Ampère, and others should be made known to the students of electricity, and this office has been well fulfilled by the present authors. The book is no mere compilation, but brings out many interesting and obscure facts, especially about the earlier men. Thus, in connection with the experiments proving the identity of lightning and artificial electricity, the significant work of the forgotten Procopius Divisch is related in a lively manner. The claims of the various rivals for the honor of the discovery are fairly discussed, the credit being finally given to Franklin. Besides the main purpose of the book, the authors, following the plan of their previous histories, attempt to show that adherence to the Catholic Church has not prevented, but rather promoted, scientific advance. It is certainly true that the lives of these investigators display piety and nobility of character, and the writings of most of them indicate a belief in immortality. But the real question is hardly proved. A majority of the men were not Catholics, and, in one case, that of the priest, Divisch, his scientific work was stopped by order of his superiors. Yet whatever opposition there was in the past, at the present time this Church has undoubtedly accepted the right of scientific research. The book is attractively made up and the proofreading has been careful.

In France, the authorities have signalized the need of an institute of aeronautics, "analagous to the Institut Océanographique." No sooner said than done, for a gift of Henry Deutsch of $100,000, with an annual income of about $3,000, announced last summer, has been accepted, and the grounds for the new institution purchased. These are at Saint-Cyr-l'Ecole, near Paris, and the institute will be ready to open its doors by May, 1910. The institute is under the direction of the minister of public works.

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Dr. A. A. Michelson, professor of physics in the University of Chicago, has been chosen president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for the meeting to be held at Minneapolis next year. Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the department of botanical research of the Carnegie Institution, was elected president of the American Society of Naturalists at the recent meeting in Boston, and Prof. W. D. Bancroft of Cornell University has been elected to the presidency of the American Chemical Society. At the session of the American Physiological Association, Prof. W. B. Pillsbury was elected to the presidency, of that organization.

Lardner Gibbon, said to be the oldest ex-officer of the United States navy, died suddenly at his home in Holmesburg, Pa., January 9. He was born in Philadelphia in 1829, and was appointed a midshipman in the navy eight years later. In 1851 he became a lieutenant. He conducted an expedition in the early fifties from the coast of Peru across the Andes and down the Madeira and Amazon Rivers. On this trip he travelled about 2,000 miles in a canoe. The government published a book written and illustrated by him describing this expedition. He was the first to suggest the building of a railway around the falls of the Madeira River, for the purpose of opening a highway from Bolivia to the Atlantic coast. The railway is now being built by the governments of Brazil and Bolivia. He resigned his commission in the navy on May 15, 1857, and during the civil war was in the service of the Confederacy.

Stephen Warner Baldwin died at Brookline, Mass., January 5, in his seventy-seventh year. He was one of this country's most prominent mechanical engineers, and an ardent advocate of improved industrial education. To the Artisan School at Syracuse and the Half Time Trade School at Worcester he gave generously of time and thought.

George Earl Church died in London January 5. He was born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1835, and served in the civil war as colonel and brigadier commander of United States volunteers. Earlier, he was resident engineer of the great Hoosac tunnel, and a member of the expedition which, in 1858, explored the southwestern frontier of Argentina. After the close of the civil war he served in Mexico as a champion of President Juarez, and as a war correspondent. Again, he opened up the tributaries of the Amazon to navigation. Of late years his activities had been principally concerned with London enterprises, and he devoted much time to historical researches and to writing. It is said that he was the only person, not an English citizen, honored with the membership of the Royal Geographical Society.

An official of the Natural History Museum of South Kensington, London, Dr. Richard Bowdler Sharpe, has died, in his sixty-second year. He was an expert on ornithology, and had published a study of kingfishers, a history of the birds of Europe, a "Hand List of Birds," etc.

Bouquet de la Grye, author of books on navigation and allied topics, has died, at the age of eighty-two years. Among his projects were a canal which should make Paris a sea-port, and an *horloge universelle*, or system by which, through the agency of wireless telegraphy, uniform time should be maintained throughout the world.

The professor of geodesy in the Technical School at Darmstadt, Germany, Dr. P. Fenner, has died in his fifty-seventh year.

Drama.

The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life Story. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

"As biography this book must rank with Boswell's 'Life of Johnson'; as art, it must rank above it"—this is the statement sent out by the publisher. Who would not read such a book! From the title, we should have inferred another specimen of that species which passes rapidly into modest retirement among the Shakespeareana in the second-hand dealer's catalogue. Forewarned, we opened the volume, and soon perceived that "modest" was not quite the word to apply either to the biography or its author. From cover to cover, Mr. Harris is fairly gasping with astonishment and contempt at the stupidity of all his predecessors. He finds only three exceptions—"one authentic witness, Jonson, and two interesting though not trustworthy witnesses, Goethe and Coleridge—and nothing more in three centuries." "A man must be judged by his peers," he continues with splendid candor, and a little later he adds, "It looks as if the time for judging him [Shakespeare] had come." He believes that the "time for random assertion about Shakespeare . . . has passed away for ever," and that he himself has "heaped up" his proofs so as "to stifle doubt and reach absolute conviction." No wonder Mr. Harris finds it difficult to conceal his self-satisfaction.

We are not of that strict sect of Shakespearean critics which holds that the plays and poems throw no light upon the character of their author. Neither is Mr. Harris. On the other hand, we do make some distinction between drama and autobiography. Mr. Harris does not. He declares that Shakespeare's purpose was self-revelation as clearly as was Montaigne's. There is just one flash of sanity in Mr. Harris's method. Assuming that Hamlet was the poet's most intimate and complete piece of self-portraiture, he goes through the plays examining all the principal characters in search of Hamlet-traits where they do not belong. This portion of the study is not without suggestiveness, though Mr. Harris is not unique in discovering a certain family likeness in Jaques, Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth. It is in the mad extreme to which he pushes his theory that he is unique. He would have it that Shakespeare, like an elder Rousseau, was deliberately laying bare his soul in one confession after another from the beginning to the end of his career. "A little earlier, and occupied chiefly with his own complex growth, he would only paint sides of himself; a little later, and the personal interest absorbed all others, so that his dramas became lyrics of anguish and despair." Accepting without question the identification of the "dark lady" with Mary Fitton, and the rival poet with Chapman, and "Mr. W. H." with William Herbert, he proves what is entirely uncertain by what is entirely unknown. If a twentieth part of Mr. Harris's "proofs" were sound, then Shakespeare with maniacal indecency spent his life in revealing to the public his amour with a dissolute woman of the court. Hamlet hesitating to kill Claudius is just Shakespeare hesitating to kill Pembroke; Othello jealous of Desdemona is Shakespeare jealous of Mary Fitton; "it is Shakespeare and not Antony who groans: 'O this false soul of Egypt' ": Lear railing at lechery is, etc.; Timon is "a scream of suffering" at the loss of Mary Fitton and the perfidy of Pembroke. As a result of this remarkable piece of synthetic criticism—Mr. Harris points out that Carlyle's "Cromwell" is the "only memorable attempt" at creative criticism before his—Shakespeare emerges at length as he really was: "gentle," "kindly," "winning," yet "inordinately vain and self-centred," a "parasite by nature," a "snob," a man of "overpowering sensuality," "weak," "irresolute," a poor sleeper, afflicted by "erotic mania," endowed with the "gift of gab." The processes by which Mr. Harris reaches this conclusion are as funny as the conclusion itself. Though we have not read all the absurd books in the world, we are almost tempted to declare that this is the absurdest.

The future work of Rudolf Besier, the young English dramatist, will be awaited with interest. He has a good deal to learn yet in the way of artistic restraint and proportion, but both of his plays recently produced in this city, "Don" and "Olive Latimer's Husband," widely different as they are in character, are distinguished from the great mass of contemporaneous pieces by the same striking and exceedingly uncommon qualities. These are definiteness of purpose, a logical dependence of the dramatic action upon the prescribed premises and the personalities involved, and a reasonable conclusion. In "Don," in the main a light comedy, truth triumphs over uncharitable misconstruction and all ends happily. In "Olive Latimer's Husband," a domestic tragedy, the degradation and misery arising out of loveless marriages for money are depicted with veracious power, and the action proceeds steadily to a catastrophe as complete as it is, under the circumstances, inevitable. In technical construction the piece is occasionally awkward. The sequence and location of the various scenes are often felt to be arbitrary rather than natural. But the scenes themselves spring from natural causes, and are emotionally powerful and substantially true.

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Such weaknesses as exist lie not in the original design, but in the inexpertness of execution. It may be granted that the emotion is somewhat overwrought—with too much elaboration of accumulated detail—but these are only the errors of an anxious young writer, whose fertile imagination has not yet been brought under the control of artistic discipline. A really fine actress in the leading part could, doubtless, carry the play to success, but unless well acted it is too sombre to have much chance of popularity. The performance accorded to it here at the Hackett Theatre was fatally incapable. It is not the first time that a meritorious play has been discredited in this way.

Charles Frohman plans to erect a theatre in the East Side of New York city where will be presented good modern dramas acted by a succession of stars, at prices not to exceed fifty cents. The plays to be presented will be contributed without royalties, it is stated, by such playwrights as Mr. Barrie, Mr. Shaw, and Henry Bernstein. The new theatre, which it is proposed to place in Rivington Street, is planned for the coming season.

The next play at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, will be by Justin Huntly McCarthy. It is an historical Irish piece, in four acts, called "O'Flynn's Own." Sir Herbert's part will be that of an Irish soldier of fortune, and he will be supported by Miss Evelyn d'Alroy. The piece, which is of a gay, joyous character, will have music in it, and the period will be somewhere between Charles II and the Georges. It is a story of love and war.

"Madame Margot," the new historical play by Emile Moreau and Charles Clairville, produced at the Théâtre Réjane, in Paris, is less an historical *drame* than a refreshing piece of comedy. The heroine is the charming and risky daughter of the fourth Henry, and is interpreted by Mme. Réjane.

Arthur Bourchier is preparing his production of "Dame Nature," Fred Fenn's adaptation of Henri Bataille's "Femme Nue." This delectable piece treats of a Bohemian artist and his wife—formerly his model. The artist wins the *grand prix*, attains social eminence, and becomes a popular portrait-painter. One of his distinguished sitters is a princess, who falls in love with him and vows that a model is no wife for such a talented man as he. Then comes the big scene between the two women, in which each struggles for possession of the man. Finally, the wife realizes the hopelessness of the situation, and goes off with a former lover.

At the Berlin Schauspielhaus has been produced "Strandkinder," a new play by Hermann Sudermann. Emphasis may well be placed on the fact that the royal theatre was the place of production, for few really "modern" German plays have had their first performance on that stage. The "Versunkene Glocke," for example, was not given at the Schauspielhaus until last year, and not for some three years has Sudermann been acted there. There is, however, nothing dramatically heterodox about the new production. "Strandkinder" is based upon mediæval Prussian history, representing the feuds and tyrannies of the Baltic coast under the brutal reign of the knights who dominated it in ante-Hohenzollern times. The construction of the piece does not commend it to the critics, and it was received rather coldly at its first performance.

Klara Ziegler, whose death is announced at Munich, was born in 1844, and was for many years distinguished as a tragédienne. Her initial triumph was in the name-part of the "Medea" of Grillparzer. Six years ago she retired from the stage, but only after many years of earnest effort to revive the interest in German classical drama.

Music.

OPERATIC COMPETITION.

When Oscar Hammerstein gave New York a second opera house, all the experts felt sure that it would not stand, as such, more than a year; but it has survived three seasons, prospering at times astonishingly. Had it not been for this experience, there would have been more preliminary misgivings regarding the advisability of having a third opera—for that is what the two additional evenings of opéra comique at the Manhattan, and the two weekly performances at the New Theatre, virtually amounted to. It is now clear that it would have been wiser to let well enough alone. The opéra comique company had to be sent to Canada, where French is more widely understood, and the New Theatre performances, with few exceptions, have not been pecuniary successes. In neither case are the managers to blame; Mr. Hammerstein brought over the best musical comedians from Paris, and at the New Theatre also the operas have been presented for the most part with admirable casts and scenic backgrounds sufficiently attractive to interest the most blasé opera-goers. The explanation of the situation lies in the three words: "Too much opera." Even at the Metropolitan, it is the rule rather than the exception that speculators offer after eight o'clock excellent $5 seats for one-half to one-fifth of their value. No doubt there is a surprisingly great demand for opera in this city; but at present the supply exceeds it.

For some days personal and semi-official negotiations were even under way with a view to mitigating or eliminating the financially injurious competition between the Manhattan and the Metropolitan. It is certain that the Manhattan Opera House is not looked on with affection by the directors of the Metropolitan, but they have met the assertion that they are ready to buy out its owner at his own figure with the statement that no negotiations have been pending or are now pending. On the other hand, it seems certain that Mr. Hammerstein is a little staggered for the moment at his temerity in "fighting Wall Street"; that is, the millionaires who own the Metropolitan. It is to be hoped that this is merely a mood of temporary discouragement, for the closing of his opera house at the end of this season would prove a great loss to the musical world. He has put the professionals as well as the public under great obligations in many ways, notably by bringing over the best Parisian singers, and thus providing an opportunity to become acquainted with the operas of the modern French school. Since the first performances of Wagner's works in New York in the days of Seidl nothing has been offered to local opera-goers so unique and enjoyable as the Massenet and other Parisian operas, with Mary Garden, Dalmores, Renaud, Gilibert, and other great artists, and in an auditorium ideally suited to their style.

Nor has Mr. Hammerstein simply given first-class performances at his own house; he has also done a great deal to improve those given at the Metropolitan. It is undeniable that the older house had fallen into negligent ways from which it needed competition to redeem it. The Manhattan set a new standard in chorus singing, and it showed that new operas—tabooed at the rival house—can be made profitable provided they are produced with the right artists and amid the proper surroundings. If the manager of this house should now retire on his laurels it is feared that the Metropolitan would return to its old ways. Already there is talk of doing away with the double orchestra and the double chorus, which have made it possible to rehearse the operas properly, while increasing the number of performances. This would be a fatal step backwards, for it is the extra rehearsing, chiefly, that has made the performances given under Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Andreas Dippel so superior to most of those managed by Heinrich Conried.

It cannot be denied that the operatic situation is peculiarly difficult to deal with. The expense list of the Metropolitan is some $80,000 a week, and while the directors declare that they are interested in the cause of art alone, it is obvious that efforts must be made to keep within reasonable limits of expenditure. New York has practically a "corner" in great singers (all Europe bewails this fact), and these artists can be had only on high terms, and on promise of a given number of performances each season. The necessity of providing this number of performances for each and all has led to the invasion of neighboring cities. But those cities want only the best singers, and these do not like to be sent hither and thither because of the fatigue, the overheated cars, the damage to delicate vocal organs.

The latest plan is to have local opera companies in cities sufficiently interested, and to lend them some of our great

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singers for a time. That plan is being tried this year in Boston, and will be tried next season in Chicago. If it fails, it will be because of the American habit of insisting on the best or nothing. The root of the difficulty lies in the scarcity of first-class artists. Even we, who have most of them, need more; and in other cities, American and European, the supply falls lamentably short of the demand. It is a mystery why the hundreds of conservatories in the world, and the tens of thousands of private teachers fail to provide the desired number of operatic artists when fame and fortunes are eagerly awaiting them. In the meantime, and till they are forthcoming, temporary relief might be provided by adopting a suggestion previously made in this journal. Why should not the Metropolitan and the Manhattan lend one another their best artists for occasional star-cast performances like those which Maurice Grau found so profitable and the public so enjoyable?

Report on The Star-Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, America, Yankee Doodle. By Oscar George Theodore Sonneck. Washington: Government Printing Office. 85 cents.

In December, 1907, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, Mr. Sonneck, chief of the division of music in the Library of Congress, received instructions from Herbert Putnam to bring together the various versions both of text and music, with notes as to the historical evolution, of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "America," and "Yankee Doodle." It was an order not easy to carry out, as Mr. Sonneck soon discovered, because most of the literature on the subject is untrustworthy. He was thus compelled to spend much time delving for original documents, sorting, and sifting; and the result, with his deductions from the evidence, makes a volume of 255 pages. It may not be the last word on the subject, but is certainly by far the most scholarly treatise yet written. The last eighty pages are devoted to facsimiles and a helpful index.

In regard to "America," the author takes the ground that, being a British air, it belonged to the British colonists just as much as it did to the Britons at home, and is, therefore, not "borrowed." The tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner" also originated in England, and from these two "Hail Columbia" differs in that both words and music were written in the United States. We regret to add, however, that this is not something to be proud of, since it is in musical value far inferior to the other two. Nevertheless, it seems like an inspiration of genius compared with the vulgar "Yankee Doodle," the continued use of which as a national tune is a national disgrace. Mr. Sonneck devotes no fewer than 77 pages to "Yankee Doodle," because he found its history a maze of conflicting stories. He admits that the origin of the tune, after the most careful examination of the many different stories, still remains a matter of doubt. He does not sympathize with those who treat this tune with contempt, holding that there must be some redeeming features in a song which has appealed to our people for a century and a half. But this appeal has been, one takes comfort in retorting, on patriotic much more than on musical grounds. Mr. Sonneck tries to come to the rescue by declaring that "Yankee Doodle" "frankly appeals to our sense of humor. Critics, pedantic or flippant, have overlooked the fact that every nation has its humorous, even burlesque, patriotic airs, and that these are just as natural and useful as solemn airs—indeed, more so, occasionally. As a specimen of burlesque, even 'slangy' musical humor, 'Yankee Doodle' may safely hold its own against any other patriotic air." Now, this may be true so far as the words are concerned; but, as the author himself points out, the text or texts are now "practically obsolete." As for the tune itself, we have never known any one in an acclaiming multitude to take it humorously. It is applauded because of its patriotic and political associations. Used as it always is, "Yankee Doodle" is not comic, but painfully ludicrous. It has been pointed out that it resembles in its melodic intervals the "Hymn to Joy" in Beethoven's ninth symphony. Undoubtedly it does; but the difference between the two is the step between the ridiculous and the sublime. It is to be greatly regretted that Mr. Sonneck should have thus apologized for this vulgar tune. His book would have been the place to present weighty arguments against the further sanction of its use as a national air.

Max Kalbeck's biography of Brahms (Deutsche Brahms Gesellschaft) threatens to become as interminable as Glasenapp's (or even Ellis's) life of Wagner; and, like Glasenapp, Kalbeck issues complete volumes as part i or part ii of volume so-and-so. The latest volume, for instance, is called "first half-volume of part iii." It covers the years 1874-1881, beginning with the C minor symphony and concluding with the violin concerto and two overtures.

Among other important recent German publications are Kapp's "Franz Liszt" (Schuster & Loeffler); "Richard Wagner an Freunde und Zeitgenossen" (Schuster & Loeffler), and the seventh edition of Riemann's "Musiklexicon" (Hesse). In Kapp's book Liszt is treated both enthusiastically and critically, and his life is told more fully than elsewhere. The Wagner letters are 336 in number, most of them not before printed. They are addressed to King Ludwig, Nietzsche, and many others, the first being dated 1834, the last 1883.

No musician has been more talked and written about in the last two years than Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni. He was born in Florence in 1862, and is the first Italian pianist since Scarlatti to win international fame. To-day he is celebrated as a pedagogue (he was Sauer's successor as director of the piano-master class in the Vienna Conservatory), as pianist, critic, and composer, even conservative England having recently acclaimed him as such. Like Liszt, he is much addicted to making transcriptions and arrangements of the works of other composers, and some of these have aroused the ire of pedants and conservatives to whom the letter is more sacred than the spirit. In 1891 Mr. Busoni made Boston his home, but soon went back to the more congenial atmosphere of Germany. Last week he returned for a concert tour in this country, playing at his first appearance Beethoven's Emperor concerto with the Philharmonic Orchestra. He provoked much enthusiasm, which was all the more eloquent as it was not aroused by eccentricities or sensational means, but by qualities of tone production, coloring, phrasing, and shading that place him in the front rank of pianists.

The remarkable pecuniary success won in this country last year by France's most prominent female composer, Cécile Chaminade, is doubtless responsible for the invasion of our realms by the English Chaminade, Liza Lehmann, who gave a concert in Carnegie Hall last Saturday, with the aid of a vocal quartet and a boy soprano. Mme. Lehmann is entitled to the distinction of having made song cycles popular in her native country. Her "In a Persian Garden" has, since its first production, some fourteen years ago, been sung innumerable times in England and America. It owes its popularity in part to the lines it is set to, selected from the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám; but as music, too, though it lacks individuality, it is far superior to most of the countless songs composed today by women. Mme. Lehmann will doubtless get a cordial welcome, especially from the women's clubs, throughout the country.

Scores of American sopranos, altos, tenors, baritones, and basses are singing today in European opera houses, especially those of Germany, and every year a few of them are honored by being brought back to be heard in our own opera houses. None of those who have come back in recent years has more deserved this honor than Clarence Whitehill. His success at the Metropolitan is the more noteworthy as it has been won particularly as Wotan in two of Wagner's Ring operas—a part often decried as tedious, but which, when well sung, is really most impressive. Mr. Whitehill is a true successor of Scaria and Edouard de Reszke in that he has learned the rare art of delivering the music with dramatic expression without sacrificing beauty of tone. That is not the present Bayreuth ideal; but it was Wagner's.

Samuel Simons Sanford, professor of applied music at Yale University, died January 6 in New York city. Born in 1849, he was a pupil of Klingman, Mason, and Mills, in this country, and of Rubinstein, Battiste, and Ritter, abroad. No American of our times has enjoyed closer relations with the great pianists of the Old World. His style of play was marked by power, accuracy, high expression, exquisite feeling, and every musical trait of a great artist whose admirers lamented that, by his own

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choice, his listeners were so few. In 1894, he accepted the Yale professorship, being urged by friends to make some deeper and wider impress on the musical world than he had previously done. Returning habitually the checks mailed him for his salary, he undertook successfully the humdrum work of the teacher, with the task of developing, in coöperation with Prof. Horatio Parker, the musical department of the university.

Art.

SOME TENDENCIES IN MODERN ENGLISH ART.

LONDON, December 21.

Several interesting exhibitions of modern work are, or have lately been, open in London, their interest possibly being not so much in the work itself as in their general characteristics. A curious condition of affairs now prevails. Whatever their differences, almost all are agreed in shrinking from the knock at the door, not of the younger generation, but of the old masters. Some say that if only there were no old masters selling at fabulous prices, the millennium would dawn. Academicians have tried to bring on this millennium of the modern painter by devoting their winter exhibition wholly to modern work: a measure they have had already to abandon. Men who have not received even the official recognition they do not deserve cry out for a bounty from the state. Many see salvation in the creation of a Ministry of the Fine Arts or an English Luxembourg. And yet, for all the discontent and disappointment of genuinely hard times, a certain proportion of the younger men already have all the success they could ask for, are hailed Young Genius, and hear their work recommended as a safe financial investment for the collector.

These few are recruited chiefly from the International Society and from the new English Art Club, which has the advantage of including among its members influential critics, directors of national collections, and professors of art. The New English happens to be one of the exhibitions now open. For years the club was content to exhibit in a small gallery where the limited space necessitated careful selection. One result was a small but, especially in the beginning, suggestive and stimulating exhibition. Now the club has moved to larger quarters—to the historic galleries of the British Artists in Suffolk Street made famous by Whistler when he showed there—where there are one large and four small rooms to fill. With the consequently less rigorous selection, the standard is lowered. Effort is, in any case, slackened with success. Yet the older members who form a kind of inner group are still to the fore. Sargent is again represented, though only by a portrait not to be ranked with his most remarkable. It is a three-quarter length of an elderly lady, Mrs. Wedgwood, whose bonnet and cloak seem to mark the passing of a fashion rather than to make the fashion for all time as the great portraits of the world always do, and whose pose is as haphazard as if she had been caught in it by a snapshot. For all that, no other portrait in the collection rivals it in the expression of character or in technical skill. Sargent is said by the critics who make a business of discovering new geniuses to be a back number, still shining at the Academy, it may be, but vanishing when subjected to comparison with the younger generation. I note that even Mr. Caffin, writing of Harold Speed in *Harper's*, casts his doubts upon Sargent's continued supremacy. But the fact remains that there is not a painter in England—it is another matter on the Continent—who has the wonderful command of his medium that in Sargent approaches genius, though he may lack the finer qualities of the great masters.

On the same wall with Sargent's Mrs. Wedgwood hangs a large nude which, for Mancini, is an indifferent work, starred with his eccentricities of technique, yet seen, certainly, through artists' eyes and drawn with a master's knowledge. Farther on hangs a portrait of a Man from New York, by Augustus E. John, the most highly praised of the younger men, before whom, his admirers declare, Rembrandt and Ingres must bow diminished heads. Sargent and Mancini, at least, do manage, at the New English, to hold up theirs with no too serious strain. John's portrait is an able, sound piece of student's work, solidly painted, well modelled, but with no distinction in the arrangement and with more apparent attention concentrated upon the blue shirt and tie than upon the face. Whatever the future may disclose, the present work shows neither Sargent's vitality nor Mancini's subtlety. I did not find in the other portraits any invitation at all to comparison. I have seen better things by Gerald Kelly than his studies of Eastern women. Orpen, technically the most proficient of the younger New English men, shows, not portraits, but pictures with figures—a group of Travellers; a Child by the Sea; a Girl on a Hilltop—not one of which will add materially to his reputation. Nicholson sends nothing but one of his small, admirable studies of still-life. Of the landscape painters, Wilson Steer is the most prominent, as from the beginning of these exhibitions: all the more so because he understands the value of reserve in the art of exhibiting as well as in that of painting. His large Horseshoe Bend of the Severn is a spacious landscape of the kind Steer knows so well how to paint: a wide countryside stretching away under a vast expanse of sky. The feeling of space is here the chief merit, as it customarily is in his canvases. But this landscape has, too, his principal defect, which is an implicit reliance upon nature at the expense of composition, arrangement. He seldom shows the sense of line that is Claude's or Turner's, though, according to the modern critic, he eclipses Turner even as John overshadows Rembrandt.

The Goupil Gallery Salon is another of the principal early-winter exhibitions. The managers deserve credit for devoting their galleries for two or three months annually to contemporary work, while most of the other dealers prefer work by men whom death has "placed." Not more than one Academician contributes here, the New English men being so strong in numbers that the show seems little more than an echo of Suffolk Street. Orpen and Nicholson, Steer, Russell and Mark Fisher, Blanche and Gerald Kelly, are all here. Some, however, have been more generous to Goupil's in reserving for it their best work; and had Sargent also sent, there would be a better chance for a comparison between him and Orpen and Nicholson, who both have characteristic portraits. Orpen's two large canvases show each a single figure standing, bent as if swaying in the wind, with a suggestion of the movement he has lately sought to render in more than one of his portraits. It may be a chance that the wind apparently has caught them from opposite directions, but if designed for the purpose, the pictures could not balance each other better on the walls where they hang; and as a result the movement seems less natural than a deliberate convention. Nicholson's Girl with the Tattered Gloves is as conventional, but in quite another way. It is a half-length, sombre in color scheme; the girl is clothed in black even to the gloves on her folded hands. The repose and the decorative charm which make it a pleasure to come upon Nicholson's work in any collection of modern English pictures are not wanting here, though gained by an harmonious arrangement of flat spaces of color rather than by an intimate study of character or by a serious interpretation of life. A good Sargent would produce the effect of a real person framed on the wall if hung between the Nicholson and the Orpen. But this collection is not confined to the New English group: Le Sidaner has always a place at Goupil's. His new pictures are impressions of Lago Maggiore under snow and in the evening, the effect disturbed by that mannerism which grows upon him. Lavery and William Rothenstein also are contributors—as are many of that youngest group of all, whose names have as yet scarcely been heard outside of London.

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The Portrait Painters' is the third large exhibition held at this season, though rumor says this year's is the last. Certainly it is the last year of the New Gallery: a fact to be regretted, for the gallery has played an important part in the art history of London during twenty years and more, and is one of the best lighted and best arranged in London. It is to be turned into a café, eating and drinking in public, to the sound of music, having become much more popular a pastime than looking at pictures. Every member of the Portrait Painters' has the right to exhibit, and some members have not enough merit to justify their exhibiting anywhere; so that the show is a curious medley. An attempt to increase the interest this year was made by showing, as a section apart, portraits of musicians and actors; but as these are mostly by members and of comparatively recent date, there is little to distinguish it from the rest of the collection. Nicholson and Orpen again reappear, as if no exhibition could be complete without them. The former's Lady Denman is certainly one of the most distinguished of the portraits—a full length on a larger scale than the Girl with the Tattered Gloves, but presenting, by much the same means, much the same effect. In his three small portraits here, Orpen is at his best: he has placed his sitters in elaborately furnished settings full of such detail as delights him. Not only he, but several of the younger portraitists are now accepted as prophets of a new school, which has returned to the subjects and treatment popular at the Academy when the Pre-Raphaelites made their famous revolt more than half a century ago. Nor can I say that I think they have surpassed the early Victorian Academicians in the old Academic game. Orpen first attracted attention by a little anecdote in paint in the manner of Frith; but Frith, even though he never could be mistaken for a master, could do this sort of thing far better, and his Derby Day or Railway Station, in the New English show, or at Goupil's, might shake the critic's confidence in the superiority of the modern school. Orpen's Prime Minister, in official robes, hung by Orchardson's masterly, well-known Sir Walter Gibbey, is weak and tentative. Neither is Alma-Tadema (who sends portraits, which have been seen before, of Paderewski and the etcher Lowenstam) put out of countenance by the younger generation. But there is nothing more vivid and brilliant in either section than Sargent's small head of Joe Jefferson. Blanche and Gerald Kelly are others who are seen at Goupil's, too. Charles H. Shannon belongs to much the same group; but because he has either more reticence or less facility, he does not figure in the other two galleries, showing here one new portrait, a Child, and contributing to the theatrical series his Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Like Nicholson, Shannon always seems more engrossed in his decorative formula than in his sitter, and both these portraits are overweighted with pattern. Other exhibitors among the more conspicuous are Strang, Ricketts, Pryde, and Cameron: whose work appears and reappears in one exhibition after another, outside of the Academy, until one might fancy the public was clamoring for them in art as it clamors for Hall Caine and Marie Corelli in literature.

I wonder that they do not shrink from such praise as more than half suggests that Rembrandt and Velasquez, Titian and Turner, only paved the way for them. Many of these artists are accomplished, but they suffer as much from one extreme of criticism as the Pre-Raphaelites in London, the Impressionists in Paris, suffered from the other. The truth is that the criticism of art has rarely fallen so low in this country. Some ten or fifteen years ago, art criticism was in the hands of men who knew, who could write, who were honest. To-day, your art critic is often enough a dealer in disguise, who uses his paper to advertise yesterday's purchases. Others are so identified with this or that group of artists that they could not criticise without prejudice even if they so desired. It is from these critics that the rank and file, who fear above all to be caught tripping, take their cue. They are not blind to see that Academic reputations have of late been perishing in the auction room; therefore Academicians have gone out of critical fashion. On the other hand, they find that artists, Whistler for example, who were not recognized in the Academicians' golden age, now increase in pecuniary value with every sale; therefore, it is sufficient for a young man to be scorned by the public for them to exalt him into a genius. In self-defence, they accept everything that appears to them serious as proof of inspiration from on high. When one remembers that Whistler had to wait a life-time before he won acknowledgment, and before his pictures, originally bought for a trifle, sold again for a fortune, it is almost comic to read the hysterical praise of those who have yet to win their spurs, and to follow the frantic effort to send up their prices. But the situation has its element of tragedy, and there is artistic disaster in store for more than one turned head.

I might add, as a word of warning to the American artist who is eager for "free art," that, overpraised as some of these English artists are, and inseparable from the financial aspect of art as the English criticism of it is becoming, their prices are still low compared to those that prevail in America. When an American collector, in an outburst of enthusiasm, gave five hundred pounds to Liverpool the other day for the purchase of pictures in the current exhibition there, three landscapes by men of considerable reputation were bought, though a painter of the same standing at home would probably not sell one of his landscapes for less than the whole sum. It will be at least interesting to watch the result if the collection now at Knoedler's here should be transferred to New York. N. N.

"Schools of Painting," by Mary Innes, with supplementary material on American painting by Charles De Kay, is to be published in the spring by the Putnams, and should prove an interesting and comprehensive sketch of its subject for the casual reader.

Edwards J. Gale, in "Pewter and the Amateur Collector" (Scribner) has in mind the beginner and shows a real sense of his needs. In the English and American field—other pewters are treated only in passing—he indicates patiently the points of fineness and simplicity of form, thoroughness of workmanship, stiffness and ring of metal, charm of color, and good preservation that must combine to make a piece worthy of the amateur's shelves. What is written is sufficient to put the beginner on his guard against the numerous reproductions. There is a special warning against Britannia metal masking as the choicer product, though the author admits grudgingly the older and better pieces of the more silvery composition. There is a reasonably full list of early American pewterers with description of their marks, a skeleton history of the manufacture in England, and forty-three excellent plates. Collectors of metal work invariably split on the issue of cleaning radically or slightly. Mr. Gale is of the radical persuasion. He goes down to the metal fearlessly, and even advises, under certain conditions, what seems the appalling process of grinding off enough metal to create a new surface. Here we cannot pretend to play the umpire. The hints on the proper display of a pewter collection—a really difficult matter—reveal the man of taste. But it is not true that brass is always the "foe" of the gray metal. On the contrary, certain very pale Colonial or early Republican brasses make charming accents among the colder pieces.

The twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York will open on January 30 in the Fine Arts building. An effort is being made to render it of particular interest, since it marks the first quarter of a century of the league's exhibition work. An exhibit that will attract attention is the working drawings of Sir Edward Burne-Jones for mosaic decorations in the American Church of St. Paul, at Rome. On the margins are the written instructions of the artist to the mosaic workers. The drawings were discovered in a storeroom of the church by George W. Breck, formerly director of the American Academy at Rome, who will contribute to the league exhibition his cartoons for mosaics recently placed on the façade of the church, representing St. Paul expounding the faith. Among the architectural drawings Carrere & Hastings will

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show those for the replanning of Baltimore, and C. G. La Farge those of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. F. D. Millet, E. H. Blashfield, G. W. Maynard, Joseph Lauber, and W. B. Van Ingen will send decorative paintings, and among the sculptors to be represented are Daniel Chester French, Augustus Lukeman, J. Scott Hartley, and Chester Beach. The exhibition will close February 19.

Frederick Moynihan, a sculptor, died in New York city January 9, aged sixty-seven years. He was born in the island of Guernsey, and was a student at the Royal Academy, in which he held a life scholarship. Among his works are bronzes of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and of Capt. Stephen F. Brown, the latter a part of the Vermont State statue on Gettysburg battlefield.

Finance.

FOURTEEN PER CENT. MONEY.

The sudden rise of call money to 12 per cent. on the Stock Exchange on Monday of last week, and to 14 per cent. after official hours, with the reaching of 9 per cent. on Tuesday, of 8 on Wednesday, and of 7 on Thursday, excited the profoundest interest. It did not excite this interest because the rates were abnormal for the opening week of the year. On the contrary, 20 per cent. was reached at the opening of January, 1908, 20 per cent. in 1907, 60 in 1906, 14 in 1903, and 10 in 1902. Compared with those years, the high rate of this January was nothing out of the ordinary. The feeling of something like consternation over rates with which the new year opened, arose from the fact that December's money market, despite a manifest strain on bank resources, had been so consistently held down that the Stock Exchange had begun to talk of rates above 6 per cent. as something which it would not witness again.

Exhaustion of surplus reserves at the New York Associated Banks, and increase of the loan account to a figure exceeding the total deposit fund available for lending purposes, have always, heretofore, been accepted as a sign of genuine stringency, to which the call money market responded by more or less spectacular rates. Last October, the surplus bank reserve had fallen to $1,600,000. Half a dozen years ago, so weak a position, with the Western drain of currency continuing, commonly foreshadowed something like 25 per cent. call money. It resulted, the ensuing week, in only one day at 6 per cent. Built up by shifting of loans, the surplus got down again to $4,400,000 in November, but call money rose no higher than 5 per cent. In December, the excess of loans over deposits had mounted to $25,000,000, showing that capital and surplus of certain Wall Street banks were being drawn upon to an unusual degree for use in ordinary loans. But of this really urgent stringency, the worst result was a momentary 7 per cent. call money rate in the last days of December. Since January has never, during the dozen years past, produced a money rate as high as the maximum of December, the inference seemed obvious. The new year ought to be introduced with a maximum rate of 5 or 6 per cent. This is why last week's 14 per cent. rate came with something of a shock to Wall Street; it undoubtedly had some part in the sharp break in prices on the Stock Exchange, which began on the first business day of the year, and ran, in many important stocks, to 4 or 5 points before the week was over.

Several explanations have been offered for this January money rate, twice as high as the highest of the four preceding months. One is, that artificial expedients, such as assumption of bank loans by individual or corporate depositors, had been utilized on an unprece-

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dented scale to protect the surplus; that there were other demands on these accounts after January 1, and that the sudden throwing back of this mass of loans upon the banks caused an awkward situation. Another was that interior lenders, with a high bid for their funds at home, were no longer ready to accept a 6 per cent. New York bid. In general, it was frankly admitted that the real bank position, having been disguised in November and December, was bound to reveal itself when the all-around settlement week arrived. The New York bank statement, at the end of the week, gave little clue to the actual causes of the high money rates; that statement was, indeed, more perplexing than enlightening. So far from indicating on its face that loans of the Associated Banks had been largely increased by the reshifting to those institutions of credit obligations, it reported decrease of $14,000,000 in the loan account—a decrease, which, along with the gain in cash, usually looked for in this week, added $11,000,000 to the surplus reserves, leaving that surplus at $14,500,000, a higher figure than has been reached at the end of the first week of January in any of the past half-dozen years, except for a year ago. Taken by itself, such a seemingly strong showing would appear inconsistent with the money market of the week. But a somewhat sensational fall in foreign exchange, during the same week, was unanimously ascribed, on the sterling market, to renewed shifting of loans from New York to Europe; and it was also generally known that, at the higher money rates, some of our own interior banks rushed into Wall Street again as lenders. In other words, although tne New York bank position was greatly strengthened, this was done by increasing considerably the market's outside indebtedness, at a time when such increase is not usually looked for, and as a result of abnormally high bids for money.

The story of the week leaves one question open—to what extent, if at all, the high money rates at the opening of the year foreshadow stringency later on. Perhaps it is safest to say that, since these high rates are the logical outcome of the millionaire speculation of the autumn, they are a sign that similar money market disturbances must logically be looked for, if the recent practices of wholesale manipulation on the Stock Exchange are to be resumed. It is a highly interesting fact that, in the published forecasts of the coming year, by financiers and financial critics on the numerous markets, home and foreign, there has been a distinct trend of opinion towards the probability of a "high-money year" in 1910.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker's Northern Germany. Fifteenth Revised edition. Scribner. $2.40 net.
Berenson, B. A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend. Lane Co. $2 net.
Broadley, A. M. Doctor Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. Intro. essay by T. Seccombe. Lane Co. $5 net.
Chaffers, W. The Collector's Handbook to Keramics. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Chancellor, E. B. Lives of the British Architects. Scribner. $2 net.
Colby, L. E. Talks on Drawing, Painting, Making, Decorating for Primary Teachers. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.50.
Day, L. F. Windows: A Book About Stained and Painted Glass (third edition); Nature and Ornament. Vol. II. Scribner. $7.50 net, and $3 net, respectively.
D'Indy, V. César Franck: A Study. From the French, with intro. by Rosa Newmarch. Lane Co. $2.50 net.
Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by J. R. Commons and others. Vols. I and II, Plantation and Frontier. Cleveland, O.: Arthur H. Clark Co. $50 net per set of 10 vols.
Douglas, H. A. Venice and Her Treasures. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Fernow, B. E. A Brief History of Forestry. Toronto, Ontario: University Press.
Geographical Atlases in the Library of Congress. Compiled under direction of P. L. Phillips. Vol. I, Atlases; Vol. II, Author List Index. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Goodwin, W. The Up Grade. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Gotch, J. A. The Growth of the English House. Scribner. $3 net.
Intercollegiate Debates. Edited with intro. by P. M. Pearson. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. $1.50.
Ireton, R. E. A. Central Bank. Anthony Stumpf Pub. Co. $1.50.
Kitson, C. H. Studies in Fugue. Frowde. $1.50.
Lambert, W. H. Abraham Lincoln (an address); The Gettysburg Address: When written, how received, its true form. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Libro Azul. Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores y Culto de la República Argentina.
Lindgren, C. The New Salesmanship. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.50.
Lyman, A. J. The Christian Pastor. Crowell. $1 net.
Marden, O. S. Do It to a Finish. Crowell. 30 cents net.
O'Sullivan, J. M. Old Criticism and New Pragmatism. London: M. H. Gill & Son. $1.20 net.
Partridge, A. Passers-By. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Raupert, J. G. The Supreme Problem. Buffalo, N. Y.: Peter Paul & Son.
Reports of American Bar Association. Vol. XXXIV. 1909. Baltimore: Lord Baltimore Press.
Renwick, G. Romantic Corsica. Scribner. $3 net.
Ruville, A. von. Bayern und die Wiederaufrichtung des Deutschen Reichs. Berlin: Hermann Walter.
Scholefield, G. H. New Zealand in Evolution. Scribner. $3 net.
Sturgis, R. A History of Architecture. Vol. II. Baker & Taylor Co.
Temple, W. Essays. Edited by J. E. Spingarn. Frowde.
Torrey, C. C. Ezra Studies. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Villiers-Wardell, Mrs. Spain of the Spanish. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Walker, H. W. Wanderings Among South Sea Savages. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Watkins, E. Shippers and Carriers of Interstate Freight. Chicago: T. H. Flood & Co.
Wernaer, R. M. Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany. Appleton. $2 net.
Wilson, G. G., and Tucker, G. F. International Law. Fifth edition. Chicago: Silver, Burdett. $2.50.
Young, J. L. Satan's Reception of John D.: a Satirical Poem. Knapp Press. 25 cents.

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